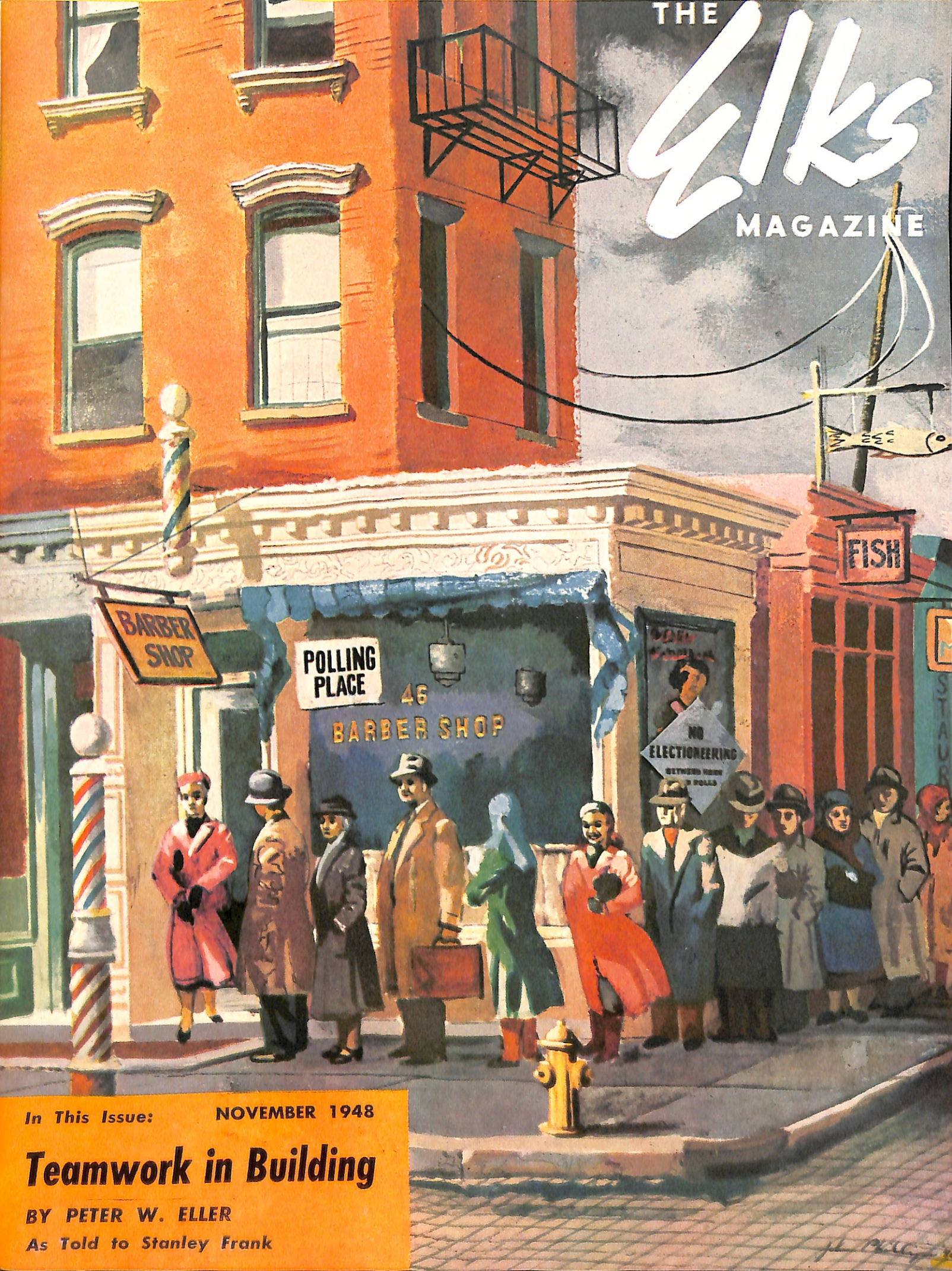


THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



In This Issue:

NOVEMBER 1948

Teamwork in Building

BY PETER W. ELLER

As Told to Stanley Frank



"I was curious..."



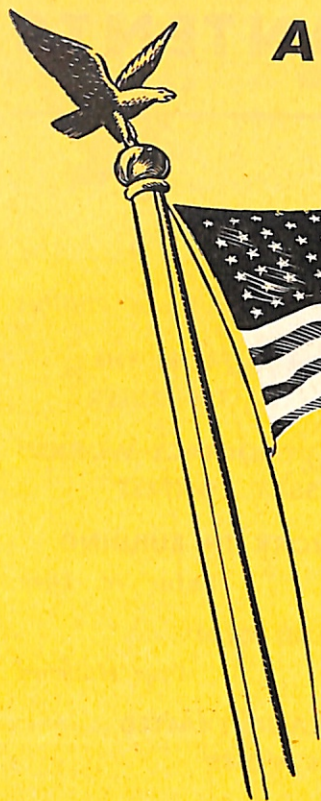
I tasted it...



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"





A message from

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



Dear Brothers:

As a result of my travels throughout the country since becoming your national leader, I have come to the conclusion that Communism in this country is on the march and is a force to be contended with by all citizens, and particularly by an organization such as ours.

I was shocked to read in a newspaper published in one of our largest cities that a survey revealed the fact that 10% of the teachers in the public school system of that city were associated with communistic organizations. The disclosures of the hearings before the committees of our Congress, as published in the daily newspapers, are evidence that Communism in this country is more widespread than ever before.

We cannot be complacent about a matter of this kind. We must take action to combat this force which seeks to subvert the free institutions.

I, therefore, call upon each subordinate lodge in our Order to set aside a meeting day during the month of November for the purpose of hold-

ing a patriotic program in the lodge home, or in some suitable public meeting place within its jurisdiction, to which the young men and women of the community should be invited. The program that we should endeavor to present to those in attendance should be one that would indelibly impress upon the minds of those present the advantages and benefits of our free Democratic form of government, as distinguished from the atheistic autocracy which Communism represents.

We must discard complacency for action. I hope every lodge will take the opportunity to hold a meeting that will fire the hearts of all with an enduring devotion to Democracy.

Fraternally yours,


GEORGE I. HALL
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Money is unimportant here!!



Land of Cockaigne (COCKAYNE). This is a modern artist's idea of that delightful paradise which was part of the folklore of Europeans many, many centuries ago.

THE LAND of Cockaigne is a wonderful place where the houses are built of cake, and shops are eager to give you their merchandise for free.

Wonderful place, Cockaigne... this Land that's always free from want... where business cycles are unknown... where money is unnecessary.

Only trouble is you won't find this mythical place on any up-to-date map.

We live in a land blessed with plenty — But the rub is that we will always need hard cash to buy the things we want.

So, to assure yourself that you *will* have the money you need for the things you want later in life is to *save* some of the money you now earn, in U. S. Savings Bonds.

These Bonds are the safest in the world. And, each \$75 you save today will grow to \$100 in just 10 years.

So start saving now... the automatic way, on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or through your bank or post office.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING- U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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NOVEMBER, CONTENTS

THE

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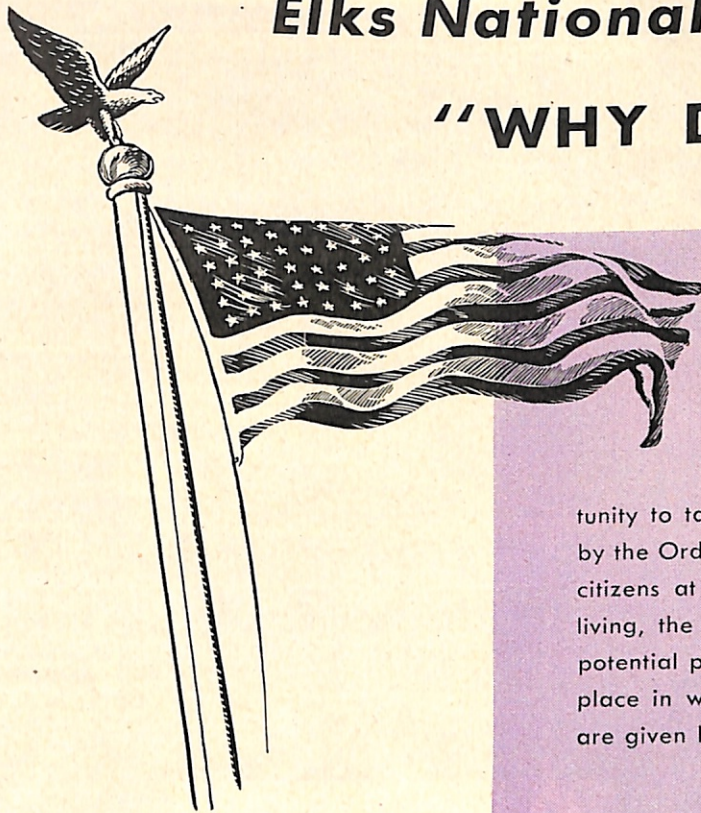
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John Hyde Phillips

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 27, No. 6, November, 1948. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1948, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.



Elks National Essay Contest

"WHY DEMOCRACY WORKS"

Once again the Order of Elks has come through in an effort to solve one of the most serious problems facing the United States today: the spread of Communism and its insidious approach to the youth of our country. High school students are given an oppor-

tunity to take part in this great patriotic essay contest sponsored by the Order, the very nature of which will impress upon our future citizens at least three important things: the value of our way of living, the economic security of our country and the present and potential power of the United States in making the world a better place in which to live. (The important particulars of this contest are given here, with the listing of the more than generous prizes.)

THE Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks announces a nationwide essay competition on the subject, "Why Democracy Works". High school students (ninth to twelfth grades, inclusive) are eligible to compete. Eight national awards will be made totalling \$2,000.00 in U. S. Government Savings Bonds, at maturity value.

The purpose of this competition is to encourage students to study democracy in operation, to appraise democracy in the light of its achievements and the hope it holds for the future.

The Order of Elks has faith in America's youth. Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall declared recently:

"We have no fear that our youth will fall victims in any appreciable numbers to totalitarian philosophies. Certainly they never will when they know the facts of mankind's progress and achievements under the stimulus of democratic freedom, and the facts of mankind's spiritual, political and physical enslavement under totalitarianism".

Awards for the prize-winning essays will be made as follows:

First Award.....	\$1,000.00
Second Award.....	500.00
Third Award.....	250.00
Five Awards, each \$50.00.....	250.00
Total.....	\$2,000.00

Any student enrolled in a grade from the ninth to the twelfth, inclusive, of any public, parochial or private school, and who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to enter the competition.

Essays must be not less than 300 words nor more than 750 words in length, and must be the original work of the contestant. It is understood that any manuscript prepared in whole or in part by any person other than the contestant will be ineligible for an award.

Manuscripts must be written in ink, in the contestant's own handwriting, on white paper 8½ by 11 inches in size, using one side only. The signature of the author and his or her address must appear at the end of the manuscript.

Manuscripts must be accompanied by a brief biographical sketch stating the date and place of the author's birth; names of parents or guardians and their address; grade and school in which the author is enrolled, and school and civic activities participated in by the author.

Manuscript and biographical sketch must be bound at the left in a suitable binder or cover 8¾ by 11½ inches in size.

Entries must be filed with the Secretary of the lodge of Elks in the jurisdiction of which the contestant resides, on or before March 1, 1949.

The essay judged to be the best submitted to a subordinate lodge must be verified by the proper lodge

officer and forwarded to the State Elks Association on or before April 1, 1949.

The essay judged to be the best submitted to a State Elks Association must be verified by the proper officer of the Association and forwarded to the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, William J. Jernick, 44 Alexander Ave., Nutley 10, N. J., on or before May 1, 1949.

From these, a committee of distinguished judges will select the prize-winning essays on or before June 1, 1949, and their decision will be binding and final in all instances.

All manuscripts entered in the final competition will become the property of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

Judging of essays submitted to subordinate lodges and to State Elks Associations will be arranged by committees especially created by these groups to serve in their respective jurisdictions.

The national awards will be made in addition to any awards which may be offered by subordinate lodges and State Elks Associations for the best essays submitted to them.

GRAND LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

William J. Jernick, Chairman
John F. Scileppi
Edward A. Spry
Nick H. Feder
William I. O'Neill

Teamwork in Building



In building construction, the human element is just as important as the raw materials.

BY PETER W. ELLER

As told to Stanley Frank

The construction industry

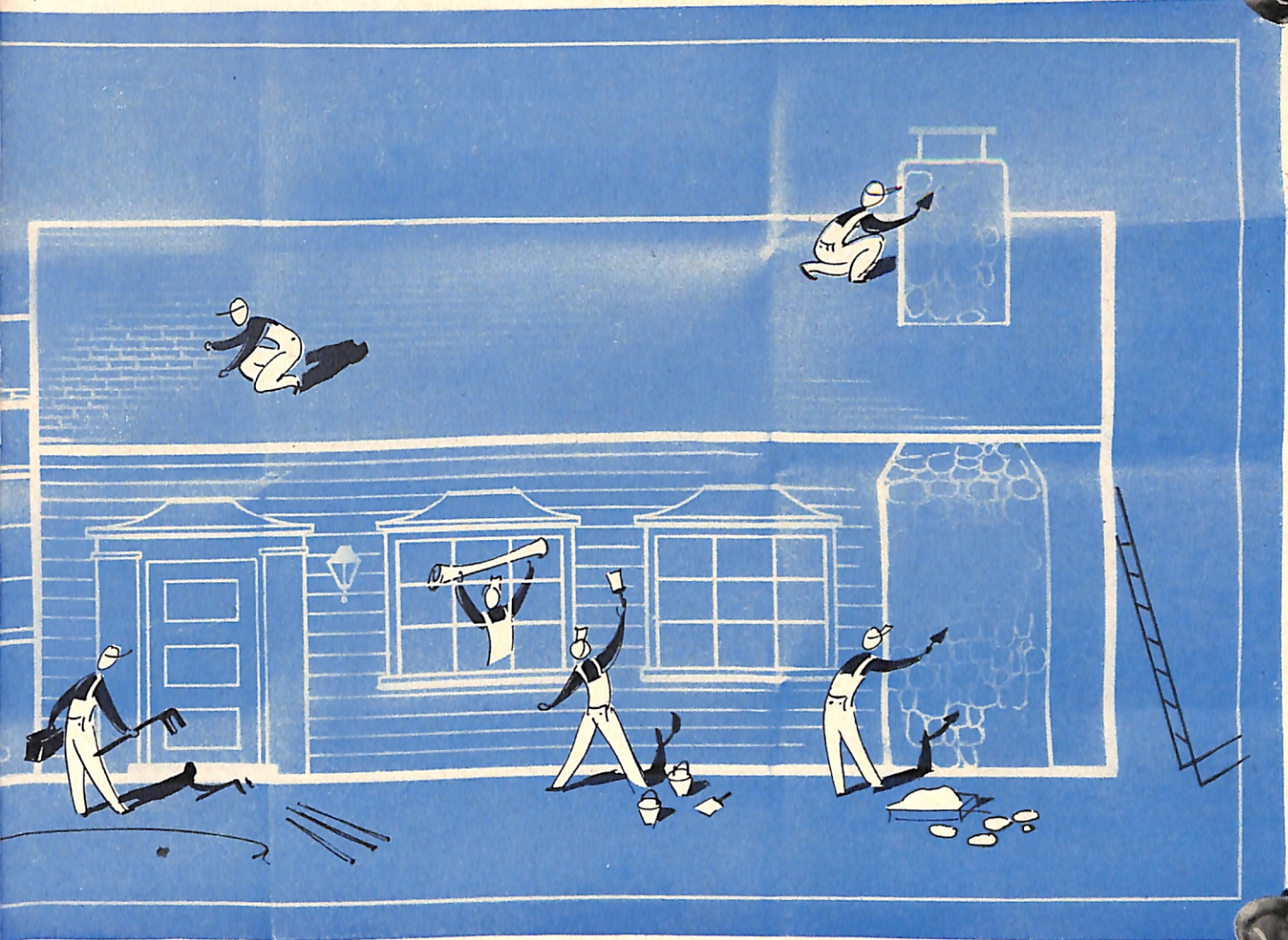
Peter W. Eller is vice-chairman of the Board, Thompson-Starrett Company, one of the country's leading construction engineering concerns—builders of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and Woolworth Building, New York; the Palmer House, Chicago, and the General Motors Building and Laboratory, Detroit. Mr. Eller also is president of the Building Trades Employers' Association. From 1941 to 1944 he was national referee for the Building and Construction Trades Department of A.F.L. With his background of many years in construction engineering in an executive capacity, and his close association with trade unions, Mr. Eller is particularly well-qualified to discuss labor-management teamwork.



A BRIEF item buried in the back pages among advertisements and accounts of mishaps and misdemeanors appeared in two of New York's nine daily newspapers on July 29, 1948. Carried under an inconspicuous headline, it was no trouble at all for the average reader to overlook the story which read:

"Since January 1, twenty-eight major jurisdictional disputes in the building industry in New York City have been settled by mediation or arbitration, and there have been no strikes or work stoppages involving employees of the 1,000 contractors and sub-contractors affiliated with the Building Trades Employers' Association.

"The twenty-eight jurisdictional disputes were only a fraction of the hundreds of controversies that have developed in the building trades in the metropolitan area in the last seven months. A.F.L. union leaders, working with representatives of the employers, settle an average of twenty disputes a week by direct negotiation. These involve not only



in New York points way to sensible labor-management formulas

questions of trade jurisdiction, but many labor-management problems, any one of which could develop into serious strikes if not checked at the start."

Maybe I'm prejudiced because construction is my business and I've had a hand in fashioning the policy that has been so successful in averting strikes in a critical field. But as a private citizen I feel that story should have been plastered all over the front pages of every newspaper in America under the big, black headlines usually reserved for diplomatic crises, scandals and hatchet murders. In the purest sense, it is a story in the public interest. It would be difficult to find one that is more deserving of the label.

Everyone will agree, I believe, that two of the most important problems confronting the country today are the desperate need for new construction and the even more urgent necessity for setting up a sound, workable program acceptable to both labor and management in all branches of industry. The story to which I'm re-

ferring—which could have been written at any time during the last three years—suggests the solution to both problems.

It is an indisputable fact that more new housing and business construction is being erected in the New York metropolitan area than ever before. (More than two billion dollars' worth in the last two years.) It is equally true that while too many other industries are plagued by labor troubles, relations between building unions and contractors in the New York area are excellent, never were better. Again, this is not a new, overnight development. Since 1903, labor and management, which once worked opposite sides of the street, have been demonstrating that there is a broad, middle road of mutual advantage and respect.

That is the element that makes the story vastly more significant than a mere report or commentary on one business. Labor and management *can* get together, compose their differences and proceed, swiftly and efficiently, to do a job the country

needs. And if it can be done in the construction business, it surely can be done in any industry. That's the point I'm trying to drive home with a sledge hammer.

Every field has problems peculiar to it, of course. Things are tough all over. Now I'm not trying to say that a building contractor has more headaches than the next fellow. All I claim is that he has to contend with a variety of factors that make his complications typical, at least.

In the course of putting up an office building, a contractor must deal, at one time or another, with 41 trade classifications and 19 international unions. Building mechanics, always in the upper brackets of skilled labor, have a union tradition of long standing. Their organizations are among the oldest and strongest unions in the United States. The workers are tough, intelligent guys who know their rights and never hesitate to demand them. New techniques, the development of new materials and adaptations of old ones constantly

(Continued on page 6)

set up situations that are ripe for jurisdictional trade dispute—which union should do what work.

I merely mention a few of these common considerations to show that the business of erecting a building is not simply a matter of putting steel, stone and wood together according to plans detailed in nice, clean blueprints. The human element is just as important as the raw materials. This is especially true in an area such as New York—where 17 per cent of the annual national dollar volume in building is done—with its solidly entrenched unions.

Although the bald statement that there were no serious work stoppages because of jurisdictional disputes in New York during the first seven months of this year is impressive enough, it is possible to state the proposition even more positively. Since 1937, there have not been more

than three serious strikes on work covered by the agreements.

What is the magic formula that has made this startling record of achievement possible? There is no magic or hocus-pocus in it at all. That's the strange—and ironic—part of the whole thing. Common sense and a realization that the best interests of labor and management coincide are the bases of a plan that is as simple as it is unique.

LET me show you how the plan operates by citing an actual case that still is under mediation as I write this. In August, gas pipes covered with tar paper were installed in a building. Plumbers were given the job but the asbestos workers' union claimed it on the grounds that a material—tar paper—was being used that they customarily handled. A complaint was lodged by the asbestos

workers with the BTEA and the Building and Construction Trades Council of the A.F.L.

Before a case is reviewed, both contractors and union representatives insist that work continue on the job, generally by the union given it originally. That is a salient point that cannot be emphasized too strongly. The work *must* continue. The contractors' investment and, more importantly, the public's interest in the new construction cannot be jeopardized by an inter-union dispute. Thirty or 40 such differences arise every week in the New York area. If work was stopped on a project until such jurisdictional matters were settled, it is pretty obvious that progress on new building would be in a hopeless snarl.

Once a case is submitted for mediation, events move swiftly and easily along the lines of a well-established pattern. If the issue involved does not appear to be too intricate, it is reviewed by a two-man board consisting of Howard McSpedon, president of the A.F.L.'s Building and Construction Trades Council, and Christian G. Norman, chairman of the BTEA's board of governors. William G. Wheeler, secretary of the BTEA, also sits in on this meeting, which is conducted informally.

If the two-man mediation board fails to reach a decision, or the complaining union is dissatisfied with the result, the case then goes to a fourteen-man arbitration board comprised *entirely* of employers. That is the most arresting feature of the plan. The highest authority within the industry is made up exclusively of employers, the representatives of the more than 1,000 contractors who are members of the BTEA.

I think that statement is important enough to be repeated: The unions representing 200,000 building mechanics in the metropolitan New York area voluntarily submit their disputes to management. This body of employers hears testimony from both sides under loose parliamentary procedure. Plaintiff and defendant can call in all the witnesses they care to present. Engineers, architects, technicians or representatives of the contractors frequently are heard. Sometimes a case may go on for several days and a thousand pages of testimony will be taken. In the meantime, please remember, work is continuing on that phase of construction which originally was the cause of the dispute. And if the complaining union wins its case, the workers do not receive back pay for the time they lost on a job they should have been given.

When the fourteen-man arbitration board hands down its decision after due deliberation, the union that has lost the case can appeal to the national referee of the A.F.L.'s Building and Construction Trades Department in Washington. Now here is another aspect of the arrangement that should be outlined in neon lights and saluted with Roman candles:

In all the years that the building

(Continued on page 37)



A STATEMENT BY HOWARD McSPEDON, PRESIDENT, BUILDING & CONSTRUCTION TRADES COUNCIL, A.F. OF L., OF GREATER NEW YORK AND LONG ISLAND.

THE skyscraper skyline of New York City is a testimonial to the harmonious relationship and mutual understanding of each side's problems that has existed for many years between the Building Trades Employers' Association and the Building & Construction Trades Council, A.F. of L.

Without this mutual regard and fair dealing at the collective bargaining table between labor and management, it would have been impossible to erect the monumental buildings that make New York the most modern city in the world.

Building craftsmen have a pride in their work, developed over years of specialization to produce better buildings in the most skilled and efficient manner. Because of this pride in skilled workmanship, jurisdictional trade disputes between

crafts arise frequently, but contrary to public understanding, these jurisdictional disputes reflect steady progress in the building industry as they are usually caused by new materials coming into use or new uses of old materials.

The machinery setup for the amicable settlement of these disputes in New York City has kept the Metropolitan area comparatively free of costly jurisdictional work stoppages. No other city in the United States has a better record of labor-management cooperation. It is a tribute to the fairness of management and trust imposed in the employers by labor unions, that in New York City it's the employers who make the final decision in a trade dispute between two building craft unions, each claiming the right to do specific work.

This method has had for many years, the wholehearted support and complete acceptance by the building craft unions. It is a model of labor-management cooperation in the public interest that could well be emulated by the building industry in other cities.

It is of great interest to all in the building and construction industry that a national joint plan to adjust jurisdictional disputes without work stoppages has been set up by the Building & Construction Trades Department, A.F. of L., and the Associated General Contractors of America with the approval of the National Labor Relations Board. This setting up of machinery to handle disputes re-affirms our New York plan.

ROD and GUN

A "bird" isn't just a biped with feathers. It's a Bob White



Corey Ford's new setter pup after his first hunt. He was sensational.

BY DAN HOLLAND



TO A SHOOTING gentleman from the South, "bird" means just one thing. A bird isn't a chipping sparrow, or a yellow-bellied sapsucker, or even an Australian long-beaked bustard.

Ask any man down that way working a field if there are any birds around. He'll know what you mean, and if he answers, "Yassah, right smart; yassah, right smart on 'em in the lower forty," then you'll know you've found some bob white quail. The bob white, and only the bob white, rates the affectionate term of bird with the man who totes a shotgun. All other feathered creatures are classified as ducks, geese, turkeys, doves, or otherwise, as likely as not, simply stink birds.

A Southerner, if he were forced to enlarge on the identity of his "bird", would probably call him a partridge, while a Northerner would say that the bob white was a quail. This terminology dates back to the days when our country was young and its many creatures nameless to the early settlers. To some of the New England early-comers, the bob white looked like the migratory European quail which they had seen arrive in the spring from across the Mediterranean, but the aristocracy which resettled Virginia saw a resemblance to the partridge which had provided

them with sport in the Old World. Each gave it the name of its apparent European counterpart.

Then along came the ornithologist—a bird man with a degree—and he put the bob white under a microscope, counted his tail feathers, measured his cranium, climbed his family tree, looked in his closet for skeletons and came up with the decision that this bird belonged neither to the partridge nor the quail families; that he was strictly American, as indigenous as an Indian named Sitting Bull.

I don't suppose this was much of a surprise to anyone, especially the bob white. Every spring the cock bird rears back and announces his name vigorously and clearly to the whole countryside. He puts everything into it when he calls out "Bob White!" going through much the same motions as a crowing rooster. The hen bird, if interested, as hens seem inclined to be, appropriately drops the name "Bob" and answers merely "White". That does things to Bob.

EVERY country lad is familiar with these clear calls of the bob white, and he also recognizes the coveying call of the bird to gather the clan together. At close quarters the bob-white call sounds harsh, sometimes with guttural mutterings on each end, but at a distance it is a clear, musical whistle. Some years ago Ohio classified the bob white as a song bird, not

a game bird, but it didn't go to his head. He didn't add any fancy new scores or arrangements to his repertoire. He still insists his name is simply "Bob White".

This sprightly little fellow is the best loved and most widely distributed of America's upland game birds. He was known originally from New England west through all the Great Lakes states and the southern tip of Ontario out to Nebraska, south through all the eastern states to the Gulf of Mexico, and west through Texas into Mexico and as far down as Guatemala. He has been crowded out of much of the industrial North, but as a slight compensation his range has extended somewhat in the West. He has done quite well in parts of Oregon and Washington.

The native birds over this vast range show individual characteristics, both in physical appearance and habits. For instance, the largest of the birds were those found along the northern limits of his territory: the quail of Cape Cod, of Michigan, of Nebraska and Kansas. The farther south one goes, the smaller are the birds, those in Florida and Mexico being very noticeably smaller than their northern cousins. But the Florida and Mexican birds are similar in size only. The Florida bird is very dark in color, almost black, and the Mexican is a dusty gray in keeping with the mesquite and chaparral and desert background. In flight habits the bob white of the thick woods will tower out almost like a ruffed grouse, the Florida bird of the open piney woods and palmettos flies low to the ground rarely rising more than three feet above the undergrowth, and the desert bob white won't fly at all if he can avoid it. He's a racehorse that won't lie to a dog well nor flush willingly, and consequently he's the poorest game bird of the lot.

Although I have covered the range of the bob white pretty thoroughly and taken an instinctive interest in him wherever he was, most of my quail hunting has been confined to Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Kentucky; so I just naturally associate the bob white with the distinctive atmosphere of this area and the cordial and colorful people who inhabit it.

For instance, there was old Captain Tom on the eastern shore of Maryland. Captain Tom was a long, lean duck-hunting man of many seasons. His gnarled hands were curved to fit a pair of oars, and his weather-beaten face was as lined and leathery as the hide of a walrus. He was primarily a salt-water man, and his light-blue eyes could spot and name a duck as far away as his horizon, but Captain Tom also knew his birds,

(Continued on page 43)

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Mr. Hall calls on lodges

from West to East



At the important North Dakota-Minnesota Elks Conference were, left to right, D.D. G. A. Fraser, Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall and Grand Trustee Sam Stern.

was the guest of the Association at its 1948 Convention, which is reported more fully on page 29 of this issue.

The members of **HARRISBURG, PA., LODGE NO. 12**, entertained Mr. Hall on Sept. 5th, and the Elks of **GETTYSBURG LODGE NO. 1045** tendered him a banquet on the 8th. Over 350 members attended that meeting which was entertained by the Chorus of Hanover Lodge. Guests included many present and past national and State Elk dignitaries, among them F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, Secy. Howard R. Davis of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. John Gross and Past State Presidents Edward Smith, K. L. Shirk, Ralph C. Robinson and Lee A. Donaldson. E.R. J. D. Dillman, on behalf of the lodge, presented to Mr. Hall a certificate informing him that a deep freeze unit had been sent to the Grand Exalted Ruler's home.

The following evening, over 500 members of **WILLIAMSPORT LODGE NO. 173** turned out to pay tribute to Mr. Hall and, after his inspiring message, entertained him with selections by the Elks Band and Male Chorus. Present were all those officials who were on hand at Gettysburg, plus D.D. Gilbert Summer-son, Mayor Leo C. Williamson and Past Presidents Grover Shoemaker and Scott E. Drum, and H. Earl Pitzer, newly appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

The 10th, 11th and 12th found the Order's chief executive at **SUNBURY, SHAMOKIN, ST. MARY'S, RENOVO and BEDFORD LODGES**, the last visits in Pennsylvania before the Grand Exalted Ruler turned his attention to New York State. On the 14th, **HERKIMER, N. Y., LODGE NO. 1439**, welcomed the distinguished traveler and his wife, when hundreds of members from neighboring lodges heard his spirited exhortation to fight com-

ON AUG. 19TH, Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall arrived at **WILLISTON, N. D.**, to be greeted by Sam Stern, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and officers and members of Williston Lodge No. 1214. Escorted through town by the Glendive, Mont., Elks Band and the Cadillac ambulance the Glendive Elks presented to the city, Mr. Hall arrived at the lodge home and later addressed about 400 persons at a banquet. State Pres. Everett Palmer and D.D. G. A. Fraser joined the entourage on a drive to **MINOT LODGE NO. 1089**, and thence to **DEVILS LAKE LODGE NO. 1216** for a luncheon meeting. Following the luncheon the party, accompanied by E.R. E. D. Harder, proceeded to **GRAND FORKS LODGE NO. 255** where the Order's leader addressed about 350 officers and members.

For the first time in Elkdom's history, **NORTH DAKOTA** and **MINNESOTA** Elks Associations held a combined conference for the purpose of coordinating plans for charitable activities. This took place at the home of **FARGO LODGE NO. 260** on Aug. 21st and was addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Hall who was escorted into the lodge room by Minnesota D.D.'s M. T. Nilan and J. E. Bloomquist, and by L. W. Spolar and Past Pres. Dr. L. C. Brusletten representing the Minn. Assn.

Mr. Hall arrived at the Elks National Home in **BEDFORD, VA.**, on the 28th for his District Deputy Conference, and proceeded to the home of **READING, PA., LODGE NO. 115** for the Scrap Heap Dinner of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. On the 30th, the Order's leader



In his customary forthright manner, Mr. Hall puts over an important point to his attentive audience at Gettysburg, Pa.

S VISITS

munism. E.R. R. G. Ehrmann presided at a dinner preceding the meeting, and P.D.D. G. C. Ingersoll acted as Master of Ceremonies. D.D. William Quigley was among the many guests.

The 15th was a red-letter day for **CARTHAGE, N. Y.**, when Lodge No. 1762 was instituted in the presence of Mr. Hall, D.D. Roland Quade, P.D.D. Raymond J. Roche and Past State Presidents Harry R. Darling and James H. Mackin. A banquet attended by 165 New York Elks preceded the ceremonies when 55 men became affiliated with the new lodge. State Assn. Trustee T. S. Leahy and Vice-Pres. John J. Scherer were also on hand.

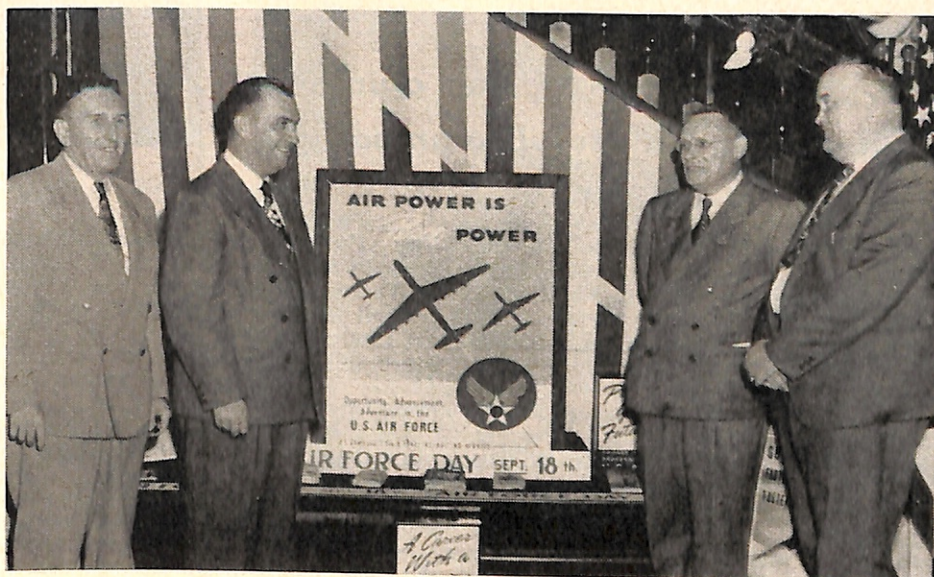
AMSTERDAM LODGE NO. 101 greeted the Order's chief on the 16th, after he visited **GLOVERSVILLE** and **WATERTOWN** Elks. At Gloversville, 350 members turned out to hear Mr. Hall's address, and an elaborate program at Amsterdam Lodge was highlighted by another of his moving talks. He was accompanied on his Upper New York State journey by D.D. Quigley, P.D.D. George Denton, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Dr. J. E. Gallico and Judge John F. Scileppi, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

D.D. Ralph R. McLear was one of the Elk dignitaries to greet Mr. Hall at **OGDENSBURG LODGE NO. 772** on Sept. 18th, when over 500 members had the pleasure of meeting the Fraternity's leader at a dinner at which Mayor Max J. Miller, E.R., was present. The lodge, through Secy. Erwin Chilton, presented a silver fruit bowl to the distinguished visitor, who also received an aluminum gavel from E.R. W. B. Russell on behalf of **MASSENA LODGE**.

Mr. Hall then left the East to visit lodges in the Central States. These visits will be reported in our December issue.



At Port Angeles "Naval", Wash., Lodge were, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Lonergan, E.R. C. V. Basom, Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, John E. Drummey, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

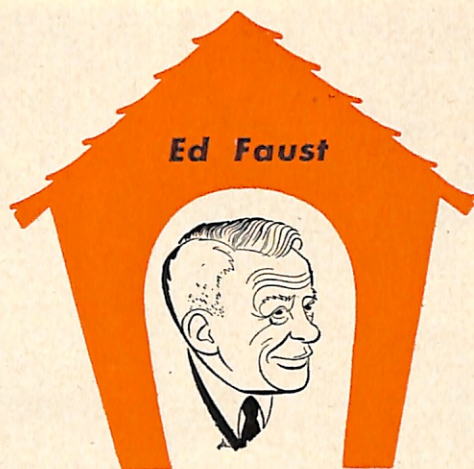


E.R. M. J. Miller, Mr. Hall, Secy. Erwin Chilton and D.D. R. R. McLear inspect the Air Force Display erected by Henry LaRose, a member of the Order, at the Ogdensburg, N. Y., Army Recruiting Station.



At Butte, Mont., Lodge, left to right, are Esq. Emmett Buckley, Est. Lead. Knight Ralph Butterworth, P.D.D.

Leroy P. Schmid, E.R. Ray C. Colvin, George I. Hall, Mayor Barry O'Leary and P.E.R. Joseph McCarthy.



IN THE DOGHOUSE

**Mr. Faust sticks to the opinion
that dogs are a useful commodity.**



Basset hound photographed by Ylla.

I MAY be wrong, but I'll hold to the opinion until somebody comes along to disprove it: in my little book Fido rates as the most useful of all the domestic animals. Yes, indeed, he well lives up to that ancient Greek saying "He's worth his weight in salt." The saying, as you may know, stems from the time, long ago, when salt was such a precious commodity that it was used for bargaining purposes, sometimes even for the purchase of slaves. Hence, the good slave thus purchased was said to be worth his weight in salt. Now I know that there are many good people who are not exactly in love with our four-legged friend, just as there are some dogs that just won't take a shine to certain persons. In either case it is no defect of character but simply a matter of preference. A bewhiskered fallacy still goes the rounds in certain quarters to the effect that a person shunned by dogs is one who'll bear watching, which, of course, is nonsense. Equally ridiculous is the belief that one who doesn't like dogs should likewise be viewed with suspicion.

Let's get into the business of just how useful is the pooch. To begin with, in thousands of homes he is a reliable companion. Call him a pet, but more often he's truly a companion. No other animal so quickly reflects its master's moods, can feel happiness or sorrow in the home, and certainly no other animal will stake its life in defense of its master or of its master's property. Many a home has had reason to be grateful for the watchfulness and guardianship of the

dog. But let's see just what the dog does in his various fields of service.

We've considered him as a companion and he perhaps renders greater service in that role than in any other field, being a comfort to many people who otherwise might lead lonely lives.

On thousands of farms Fido is not only depended upon to protect the home, livestock and other property but also is used for herding sheep and cattle. For that work his size doesn't make any difference; one of the best cattle dogs existent is the Welsh corgi, a little fellow that weighs from 18 to 25 pounds and is a hustling herdsman, as many a cattle drover could tell you. He's not much used for this purpose in this country because his worth isn't known as it is abroad. American farmers, sheep and cattle keepers depend more on the larger breeds, the collies, Belgian and German shepherds, Arctic dogs, etc., and, with good reason, intelligent, fast-moving purps of no particular breeding. Few human herdsman will go so far as to say that they could manage their herds or flocks as efficiently without the dog's help as they do with their dog's assistance. In fact, I have seen, in person and in the newsreels, demonstrations of canine herding that were almost uncanny in the evidence of the dog's ability to think, and even outthink, their charges.

How about Fido in the hunting field? Do you think there would be as much hunting, or as successful, without him? The answer in both cases is, "No." His ability to point,

flush and retrieve game is too well known. Only primitive man approaches him and if I am out for woodcock or any other gamey critter I'll take a dog every time in preference to an Australian black or any other wild human. If nothing else, the dog's scenting ability puts him 'way ahead as a hunter. In trailing and holding game the dog has few superiors and when helping a hunter offers the advantage of being able to penetrate into places inaccessible to his partner.

THIS isn't the only field of sport where our friend plays an important part. There's dog racing, about the nearest thing to horse racing that you'll find. Here Fido is the means of support of hundreds of people, brings thousands of dollars in taxes to the states sanctioning dog tracks and is the cause of thousands of dollars of betting money changing hands every year. Aside from the betting angle, your dyed-in-the-wool dog-racing fan claims that this is one of the most exciting sports in the world—and maybe he's right. Another form of sport that employs the pooch is dog-sled racing held annually up North. This too is an exciting spectacle which frequently involves a lot of folding money in purses. Another but not so widely practiced form of dog racing, and it is pretty much that, is coursing. This is running down furred game in the open. For this sport only the fastest hounds are used, fast enough to be able to keep their quarry in

(Continued on page 44)

**Activities Sponsored
by the Elks National
VETERANS SERVICE
COMMISSION**



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

**HOSPITAL
Hines, Ill.
July 27, 1948**

Mr. William A. Lauer
B.P.O.E. Elmhurst Post
8017 South Wolcott
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Lauer:

The patients and Staff of Special Services Division, Recreation Entertainment Section of the Veterans Administration Hospital, Hines, Illinois, wish to express their gratitude for your delightful Variety Program in the Auditorium on Friday evening, July 24, 1948.

The refreshments served by your hostesses were greatly enjoyed by the patients attending the fine show.

Special Services Division acknowledges your loyal interest in the hospitalized veterans. Your voluntary services make it possible to expand our Recreation Program.

Mr. H. R. Hancox, Assistant Recreation Director, Building 125, expresses his sincere thanks and appreciation in the veterans' behalf.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. BERNAT
Chief, Special Services



Memphis, Tenn., Lodge and the Tenn. Elks Assn. gave a Watermelon Party at the Kennedy Veterans Hospital.



Fred Brinkman, left, and Barney Murphy of San Jose, Calif., Lodge's Veterans Service Committee, with articles collected for patients' use in VA Hospitals in the State.



The famous Santa Fe All-Indian Band of Winslow, Ariz., marches through the VA Center at Whipple as

part of the Arizona State Elks Association's monthly entertainment of veterans hospitalized there.



NEWS OF THE LODGES



Army officers, with cadets who are receiving Army training through the generosity of Joplin, Mo., Lodge.

IDAHO ELKS. Boise, Nampa and Caldwell Elks, numbering 243, teed off for the 18th annual Golf Tournament, breaking the record of 154 entries registered in 1947. "Bud" Sower of Caldwell won the championship flight and was also low medalist with a score of 69.

Thirteen P.E.R.'s competed in a special flight won by P.D.D. Nick Ney, Sr., of Caldwell, with L. J. Peterson of Boise second, and George Van de Steeg of Nampa, third. Phil Roche, a former leader of Pocatello Lodge, won the sixth flight.

Following the tournament, a barbecue was enjoyed and prizes awarded. Many of the prizes, plus the receipts from a Calcutta pool, were donated to the Idaho Elks Crippled Children's Home. The Boise Elks Band played a concert at the course during the afternoon.



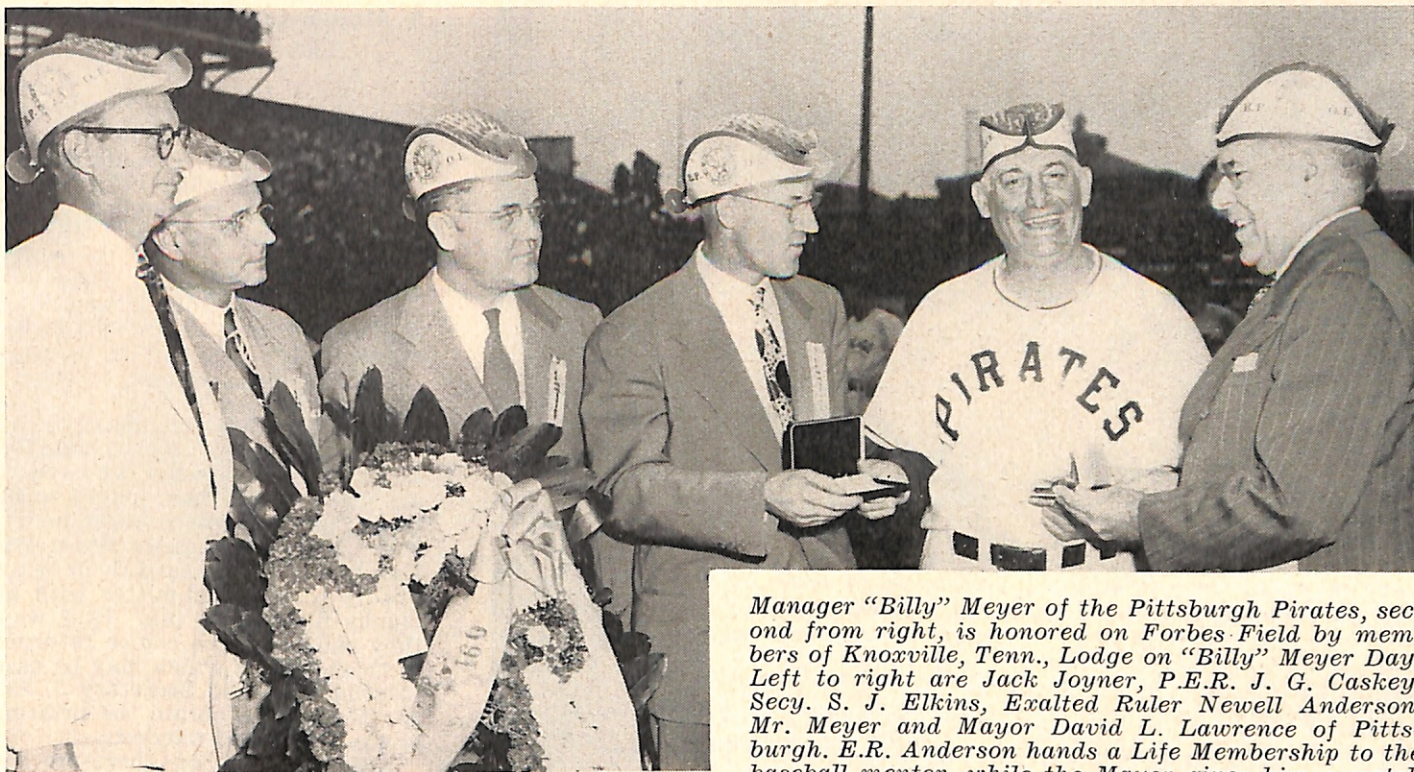
PEABODY, MASS., Lodge, No. 1409 is mighty proud of its Junior Baseball Team which recently ran away with the Northeast District Championship for the third consecutive year. By accomplishing this feat, the Peabody boys gained permanent possession of the Dr. Henry I. Yale Trophy and are also the recipients of the Mass. State Elks Trophy. Both awards were presented to the young men at a banquet for the league given at the home of Winthrop Lodge in September, sponsored by the Mass. State Elks Assn. and the N.E. District Baseball League.

The Northeast District Junior Elks Baseball League, of which Dr. Yale was one of the pioneers and founders, consists of teams sponsored by Malden, Everett, Revere, Winthrop, Marblehead, Beverly, Salem and Peabody.

Some of the 60 golfers who teed-off on Owatonna, Minn., Lodge's "Golf Day". John Buxton won by one stroke over Carl Nietz. About 135 members enjoyed luncheon after the match.



A bird's-eye view of part of the crowd of 3,000 who attended Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge's annual picnic.



Manager "Billy" Meyer of the Pittsburgh Pirates, second from right, is honored on Forbes Field by members of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge on "Billy" Meyer Day. Left to right are Jack Joyner, P.E.R. J. G. Caskey, Secy. S. J. Elkins, Exalted Ruler Newell Anderson, Mr. Meyer and Mayor David L. Lawrence of Pittsburgh. E.R. Anderson hands a Life Membership to the baseball mentor, while the Mayor gives him a watch presented by Bing Crosby, part-owner of the Pirates.

Lodges. The members of No. 1409 have given jackets to the baseball players as a reward, as well as an outing to a night game between the Boston Red Sox and the Detroit Tigers. Individual Elks have shown their appreciation of the boys' efforts too—E.R. Walter L. Southwick and John Southwick took them on an outing at their summer home in New Hampshire, and Joseph Regis took them on a cruise to Gloucester.

LEHIGHTON, PA., Lodge, No. 1284, took a group of 150 boys, the Lehigh-ton Boys Band, to Philadelphia to see a major league baseball game. Seventy of the boys took their musical instruments along and paid tribute to Elmer Valo, right-fielder for the Philadelphia Athletics, a member of the Order. A traveling kit was presented to the baseball star by the lodge.

The trip was made by bus and car, with a police escort right into Shibe Park. Over 300 people in all made the trip. Later on, the youngsters were treated to dinner.

The expense of the entire day was taken care of by the Lehigh-ton Elks who are going all-out in the effort to curb juvenile delinquency.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., Lodge, No. 957, lost one of its most valued members when Dr. Henry Martin passed away on Aug. 21st.

A member of his lodge for 43 years, Dr. Martin was well known throughout the Order. He was a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 957, was District Deputy in 1930-31 and was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1934-35.

A man of many and varied interests, Dr. Martin had been a member of the

New Britain Board of Education from 1928 to 1944 and had also served on the Board of Health and the Recreation Commission.


Elks from all parts of the State attended funeral services on the morning of the 24th at St. Joseph's Church. James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, George W. Hickey, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Clinton L. Chapin, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, District Deputy James T. Welch and Past District Deputies Arthur J. Roy and George H. Williams and P.E.R. Thomas Clark of Greenwich were among the prominent Connecticut Elks who paid tribute to this man who had given so much of his time and effort to the activities of Elkdom.



The 106-piece band sponsored by Alliance, Chadron and Scottsbluff, Nebraska, Lodges gathers in the glen at

Chadron State Park for its annual concert, attracting a crowd of over fifteen hundred enthusiastic music-lovers.

Lodge Notes



SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., Elks played host to 41 crippled children from the Fresh Air Home, highlighting a luncheon, distribution of toys and a musical program with an exhibition of legerdemain. New York newspaper columnist Nick Kenny was M.C. . . . **CARLSBAD, N. M.,** Lodge knows how to please the public. To raise money for the benefit of the children of the community, this group of Elks staged a two-day rodeo in the high school stadium, drawing 17,000 paid admissions. From the proceeds, \$3,600 went to cover the deficit in the lunch fund of the city's schools from March, 1947, to June, 1948. Another \$5,000 has been set aside to construct a city auditorium and community center . . . **BLUFFTON, IND.,** Lodge also is vitally interested in the health of the young people of its city. These Elks have voted to furnish milk for 860 school children again this year . . . This seems as good an opportunity as any to correct an error made in the reporting of the Grand Lodge Convention "Sidelights" in our September issue. Somehow or other we managed to give Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge credit for taking third place in the National Drill Team competition. It was the famous **MILWAUKEE, WIS.,** Elks "PLUGS" who captured these honors. . . . Not to leave **MINNEAPOLIS** out of it entirely, we wish to state now that those Minnesota members of the Order arranged bus transportation for several hundred underprivileged children and took them to the Aqua Follies during the city's Aquatennial Week, and introduced them to the star performers. This is the same affair to which **ROCHESTER, MINN.,** Lodge sent Miss Dorothy Brink to compete in the Queen of the Lakes Contest. Miss Brink was selected in a contest conducted by the Rochester Elks and represented the entire area. . . . We have received an interesting photograph from Walter M. Ebel of **HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,** Lodge. It shows the weirdest looking elk's head you ever saw. Killed by Brother Marshal Purvis on his ranch near the Jackson Hole in Wyoming, the elk must have been the only one of its kind. The head, now the property of Hot Springs Lodge, carries an inverted antler caused, it is believed, when the animal locked antlers with another elk. The inverted pro-

tuberance has the appearance of a club, and on the top of the head can be seen another antler that evidently had its growth retarded when the upside-down horn changed its course . . . **SIoux FALLS, S. D.,** Lodge is mighty proud of Mike Ryan who was chosen as the outstanding citizen of the South Dakota Boys State at Aberdeen. E.R. Lee Gulberg, acting for his lodge which sponsored Mike, gave the young man a leather suitcase . . . **SILVER SPRING, MD.,** Lodge laid the cornerstone of the new addition to its clubhouse not long ago. The addition will provide a new lodge room and lounge. These Maryland Elks sent a large group of underprivileged lads to the Maryland, Delaware and D. C. Elks Association-sponsored Camp Barrett this summer . . . When **PRICE, UTAH,** Lodge welcomed P.E.R. R. T. Mitchell, a Past State Pres., on his official home-coming visit as District Deputy, the P.E.R.'s of the lodge assumed the stations for the ritual of initiation of a class in his honor . . . **RALEIGH, N. C.,** Lodge is another branch of the Order deeply interested in making vacation-time pleasant for our less fortunate young folk, sending a fine group of boys to the wonderful N. C. Elks Camp in Hendersonville this summer . . . **SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,** Lodge shares the pride of the whole State in the remarkable showing of the Boston Red Sox this past season. The basketball team sponsored by the lodge was taken on a trip to Boston to see that team in action, an expense happily underwritten by the Springfield Elks . . . The cooperation of the Elks' ladies in all the many charitable undertakings of the subordinate lodges has long been a well-known fact. **ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.,** Lodge is anxious to give their ladies credit and reports to us that for seven years its Emblem Club has done wonders in building up the lodge. The officers of **WINSLOW, ARIZ.,** Lodge's ladies' Emblem Club recently journeyed to Albuquerque to officiate in the installation of officers of the New Mexico group . . . **LEOMINSTER, MASS.,** Lodge entertained 1,500 youngsters in four of the city's playgrounds at a watermelon feast. Police Capt. Henry O. St. Cyr gladly joined Elk officials in the task of slicing over 100 melons for these children. That's a lot of melon.

A Memorandum on Lodge By-Laws Amendments

We have received a letter from Earl E. James, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, in which he requests that we publish the following information:

"I have had a number of the lodges, who have sent in their proposed amendments to their By-Laws, forward their suggested amendments to this Committee in the form of manuscripts, not inserted in the Guide By-Law forms.

"This, as you can see, involves a great deal of work for this Committee, reading these manuscripts and comparing them with the Guide By-Laws. For that reason, we have requested each of these lodges to return their suggested amendments inserted in the regular Guide By-Law forms, and to send them in triplicate to this Committee with all blanks filled in in ink. That way, they can have two copies returned to them, one of which may be used to send to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters to obtain the printing of their required number.

"This Committee therefore requests that the lodges desiring changes in their By-Laws comply with these regulations."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ELK FAMILY NOTES: On page 28 of this issue is another spread of photographs of fathers, sons and brothers who are affiliated with the Order.

Unfortunately, though we regret that we must make this decision, it is impossible to find the space to publish pictures of the combinations of a father and one son, or two brothers, many of whom are officials in Elkdom. However, we would like to give word space to these Elk families.

P.E.R. T. Lawrence Cusick of **JAMESTOWN, N. Y., LODGE**, was installed by his father, Thomas J. Cusick, who is a Past Exalted Ruler of Oswego Lodge. **GENEVA, N. Y., LODGE**, has as its present leader, J. E. Davie, Jr., who was installed in office by his brother, P.E.R. G. F. Davie. A former leader of **PERRY, IA., LODGE**, F. E. Reynolds, installed his son, F. Roger Reynolds, as Exalted Ruler of that branch of the Order for the current term.

P.D.D. William R. Patterson, Charter Member of **GREELEY, COLO., LODGE**, a 48-year-member of the Order and Treasurer of his State Elks Assn. for 26 years, installed his son, Dr. C. W. Patterson, as E. R. two terms ago.

P.E.R. William V. Toomey of **KEENE, N. H., LODGE**, proudly initiated his son, Robert V. Toomey, as a member of his lodge early this year, and the same pleasure went to P.E.R. Henry A. Morin of **FITCHBURG, MASS., LODGE**, during his term of office, when he initiated his son Paul. This was the fourth time in the lodge's 44-year history that such an event took place.

If your lodge boasts such family combinations, please let us know. Photographs of large family groups will be published; story mention will be made of the duo-combinations.

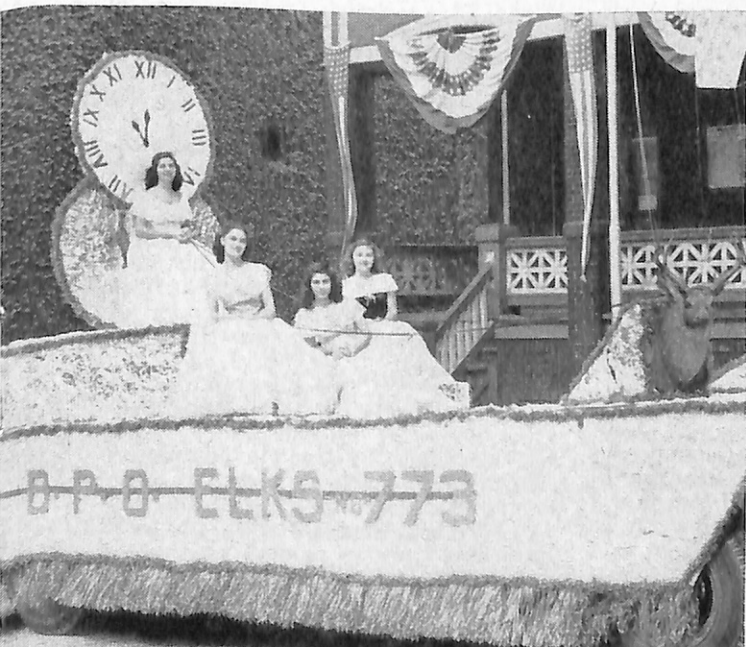


Some of the foolishness that went on at the Art Linkletter "People Are Funny" show sponsored by Mason City, Ia., Lodge. Attended by 3,500 people, the show's proceeds went to the Children's Activities Fund.



The Sweepstake Winner in the Old Settlers of Whatcom County 53rd Annual Picnic and Parade. Bellingham, Wash., Lodge's second Exalted Ruler, 85-year-old Charter Member Roland G. Gamwell, rides in state.

The village of Oak Park, Ill., receives a fully equipped Cadillac ambulance from the local Elks lodge. Left to right: Esq. Raymond St. Aubin, Lect. Knight V. B. Churchill, E.R. C. J. Costello, Nurse Virginia Sheahen, her father, P.D.D. Ray Sheahen, Lead. Knight J. J. Williams, Loyal Knight D. J. Rizzio, Chaplain J. J. Herbert, Inner Guard E. H. Barrett and Social and Community Welfare Committee Chairman Robert Schoessling.



Monessen, Pa., Lodge's lovely float understandably won first prize in the city's Golden Jubilee Parade. The expense of the celebration was underwritten by the lodge.



"Elks Rest" is rededicated by Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge. Left to right: Past State Pres. Arthur Ochsner, E.R. W. A. Hatley and P.D.D. Lester L. Barrett.

IF THE SHOE FITS, TAKE IT OFF

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD
BY DICKSON HARTWELL



IN a group of New York businessmen lunching recently, a major steel executive remarked sadly that three-fourths of all the men in America were failures in their jobs. This stunner was greeted with shocked silence. But every once in a while the head of a big corporation opens up with a crack that makes such particular sense that it deserves widespread repetition, like a multiplication table or a commandment. What the steelman next said set his companions back on their heels—until they looked into it. Then they had to agree he was as right as rain in a dust bowl.

Said this executive, "The easiest thing in the world is to succeed in business. Getting ahead in a big company or a small one doesn't take brilliance; just horse sense. The ratio of perspiration to perspicacity is 10 to 1".

This sounds like a nomination for the fatuous-remark-of-the-week, the offhand quip of a stuffed shirt who had lucked his way to the top and regarded the efforts of those struggling far below with a sneering, "What's all the fuss about? It's as easy as shooting fish in a barrel".

A couple of sharpshooters challenged the big man and asked him to back up his statement. The gist of what he had to say would start thousands of young and not so young men on the road to business success tomorrow, if only they had the will and the courage to heed his advice.

Even though they make a living, most men do not really succeed in business because (the executive said) they are misfits; they become misfits the first day they go to work, when they get out of high school or college,

and they stay that way until they die or retire. They are in the wrong job because they often took the first job that came along, or at least the first one that combined dignity with enough salary to enable two to live together almost as cheaply as twice what it cost one.

Half the men in business in America are unhappy and their families are unhappy because they are doing jobs for which they are not suited. Consequently they give to them maybe 60 or 40 or 30 per cent of their efficiency and interest. They are human eight-cylinder engines hitting only on six. How would they know they are in the wrong job? Their work bores them. They find it dull and uninteresting. They wish they were working for the firm around the corner. They are afraid of the boss and complain constantly of him. But they are afraid really because they know they never could look him in the eye and say they've done a full day's work with a full head of steam.

JOB misfits get that way and stay that way usually for a very simple reason: they never analyze their own capabilities. They never go over themselves like a stock clerk taking inventory, noting what they have and what they lack of what the customer (in this case the employer) needs. One man, an accountant in a mid-west manufacturing plant, made no progress in his job in ten years. He had studied accounting because someone once told him that a good accountant will never go hungry. He was punctual, diligent and accurate, but every day he yearned for five o'clock.

After office hours he was a different man. His backyard summer garden flourished under his expert care. It had a barbecue grill and he and his friends kept it going con-

stantly. In the fall he and wife played badminton in a rented loft with a club he had organized among other friends. He was active in service groups and in the P.T.A. When the mayor proclaimed a city-wide clean-up paint-up campaign he organized his block the first day.

One morning the head of his company called him into his office and, with no preliminaries, fired him. Then, in the next breath, he invited the stunned accountant to lunch. There he explained. He had heard of a sales department opening in another firm. "If I had a sales set-up you'd have been in it years ago. You're a natural if ever I saw one. But if I didn't do something drastic you'd be here hustling figures the rest of your life. Go get this job and one day you'll run that company".

"But I never sold a thing in my life," the accountant protested.

Then the boss reviewed the community and social activities which the accountant had organized and developed. "You've been selling the most difficult product in the world and the most important", he said. "You've been selling yourself". With in three years that bored accountant was sales manager at four times his former salary.

Waiting for the boss to do the analyzing is likely to be unproductive, however. Bosses, as a class, are too busy. Some big companies use elaborate aptitude tests but these are more effective in determining certain mechanical abilities and physical reactions than in measuring the effects, say, of mental attitude.

Self-analysis is much less complicated than it appears. But it does require a certain honesty in appraisal which those abundantly endowed either with egotism or timidity will

(Continued on page 50)



"Moritza," Black Belgian Shepherd, shown in the New York town house of her famous owner, star of stage and screen, Basil Rathbone.

"Another Basil Rathbone hit...he's switched to Calvert!"

Everywhere folks are taking the cue
and switching to Calvert Reserve—because
they've found they prefer Calvert's lighter,
smoother, mellower taste. Credit *that* to
Calvert's greater blending experience!
Try Calvert Reserve tonight, yourself.
We predict you'll switch, too!

Clear Heads Switch To
Calvert Reserve

BECAUSE IT'S SMOOTHER, MELLOWER...TASTES BETTER

Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City



The Hidden Trap

This one wasn't a lobster

trap—it was a man trap.

BY ROBERT TERRALL

I HEARD Al Grindle go out in his boat before daybreak. He was going faster than usual. I was too sleepy to look at my watch, but I remember I thought that Al must have overslept. The waves kicked up by his wash slapped the rocks beneath my window; before the boat was out of earshot I had fallen asleep.

I was on my vacation. For three weeks every summer I try to forget I'm a policeman, and take a suitcase full of paints down to Maine, put on blue jeans and a battered hat I've knocked around in for thirty-five years, and pretend I'm a genius. Sometimes one of the local people comes up behind me and sneaks a look over my shoulder. The people around here are naturally polite, and they hardly ever ask what the picture is supposed to be. They never say anything *nice*, it's true, not having been brought up to be hypocrites. The best I can hope for is a kind of astonished grunt.

The other forty-nine weeks a year, my business is murder. The weirdest, most inexplicable murders on the face of the globe occur within the limits of the city of Boston, and I'm one of the men who try to figure them out. Nobody in Boston just pulls a gun and shoots somebody else, then goes to the police and says he's sorry. In Boston we commit our murders with nail clippers or hatchets; we saw through the rockers on frail old ladies' rocking chairs. We don't murder for money or any simple reason. A homicide man in Boston has to know fingerprints, but he also has to know Freud.

So it is always a pleasure, on a sparkling summer day, to try to paint the way sea water boils and splashes over the red granite of the Maine coast. I use the brightest

colors on my palette—clear blues, greens and yellows. I look at the spray on the rocks, the pearl-like crust of barnacles, the wonderfully varied colors and glowing life of the pools. But for some reason that I have never been able to understand, the scene never comes out the way I see it. It is gray and sinister. The rocks are bathed in an evil flickering light. Danger lurks in the pools. The water seems to be tinged with blood.

I WORKED hard all morning on my latest canvas, a fearful panorama of trees and rocks. I didn't think of Al Grindle again till I was getting supper. Al had promised to bring me back a lobster if he had to go to Southeast Harbor and buy one himself. Pickings on the lobster beds had been slim this year. Al often stopped in to give me his latest idea about where the lobsters had gone this summer, and tell me in detail what he would like to do to the Canadian lobstermen. In Al's opinion, a glut of Canadian lobsters was responsible for the fall in prices. I had come to look forward to these visits.

Except on the subject of lobsters, Al rarely said much. In all the years I had known him I never heard him finish a single sentence. He started off strongly, but stopped as soon as he had made his meaning clear.

I opened a can of beans. Of course there was no need to come all this way to have beans for supper; we're famous for beans back home in Boston. I was slapping the bottom of the ketchup bottle when I heard an old Ford wheeze up outside.

I recognized the sound—it was Al's brother Joey. His half-brother, I guess; there are so many Grindles up and down this stretch of coast it's hard to keep them separate. "Joe E." was the way he signed himself, but almost everyone called him Joey. He was a big man. I'd run into people who said they had seen him working, but most of the time he seemed to hang around Williams' store talking baseball. He knew the batting average of every hitter and the earned-run average of every pitcher who ever played in the major leagues. This was quite an accomplishment,

but it didn't bring in any money. He looked a little like Al, and he acted the same. They were both slow-speaking and dour.

I put my head out the back door. Joey didn't turn off the motor because it was so hard to get started again; there was more than one thing wrong with the insides of that Ford.

"Have you seen Al?" he yelled.

I shook my head, and he put the Ford in gear and clanked away. That was when I happened to think that I hadn't heard Al coming back that afternoon. My house—one room and a glassed-in sun porch—is right on the water. To get into the harbor where the lobster boats tie up you have to pass through the channel between where I am and Hogback Island. Unless Al's boat had sprouted wings, it was still out in the bay.

The fog came in that night. It wasn't thick as Maine fogs go; you could see your hand in front of you if you held it out at arm's length. I went to sleep to the comforting bleat of fog horns. I only heard one lobster boat go out the next morning.

At the post office, waiting for Mrs. Grindle to give me my mail (she was a second cousin of Al and Joey, as close as I can figure it), I heard the news: Al's boat had been found.

A lobsterman named Parker, running through the fog out beyond the islands, had heard the low mutter of an engine. He sounded his hooter. There was no reply. He throttled 'way down till he was barely moving and felt his way toward the sound.

He cut his motor to listen. After zigzagging back and forth for half an hour he ran up suddenly on a lobster boat, its engine idling in neutral, swinging aimlessly in the slow swell. It was empty.

The boat was painted black, with a white nose. Parker knew at once whose it was. He had his skiff along because he had planned to go ashore on one of the outer islands to do some clamming. He rowed over for Al's painter and towed it in.

Parker was there in the post office, and I took him over the story again. He was pleased and excited, as some people always are by misfortune.

(Continued on page 20)

We said nothing as we lifted him into the boat. It was easy to see what happened.

"You're sure the motor was running?"

"Of course I'm sure."

I had known before he answered that he couldn't have been mistaken, for otherwise he would never have found the boat in the fog. I wasn't the only one who had been struck by the running motor—it meant only one thing, that something had happened to Al. He might have gone ashore, and the boat might have slipped its hook and drifted clear, but the engine couldn't have started by itself. On the chance that he might be marooned out there somewhere in the fog, a few of his friends beat up and down all day between the islands. I don't expect they did much talking, but they must have known as well as I did that Al was at the bottom of the bay.

All we could do was wait till the body became buoyant and was washed shore. I was having the *Boston Herald* sent up so I could see what murders were being committed in my absence; but I didn't open the paper all that day. I couldn't paint because of the fog: I'm not one of those people who like to paint apples or oranges. So I took my pipe and tobacco pouch out to the sun porch and thought about Al.

I suppose I hadn't really known him well. Before he went into the Army he used to work in the forests, but he liked the water, and he borrowed money on a GI loan and got himself a second-hand lobster boat. There have been years, not too long ago either, when a lobsterman who wasn't afraid of work could make a good living. Then the prices broke. Al, who had been fighting in Europe when the boom was on, had no boom-time profits to carry him through. He was in trouble and everyone in the township knew it.

A lobsterman needs a little cash in his pocket for operating capital. Bait costs money, the boat uses up gas and oil, the traps have to be tarred and repaired. Sometimes Al made his run in a dory, and I'd see him working up the channel in the evening, rowing standing up, as methodical as a motor. He had squeezed through, somehow, and he only had a few more payments to meet on his boat.

The best sign that he didn't know

how he was going to meet them was the way he started drinking. I could never tell when Al was drunk, but people said he talked even less than usual. Certainly there was never any shakiness about the way he handled a boat. Parker said that towards the end Al was putting down a quart of cheap liquor a day; he must have got pie-eyed once too often. His boat hit a swell the wrong way and he fell overboard. Maybe he swam around a while in the dark; maybe he went under right away.

I didn't like this story. But when I found out what had really happened, I liked that even less.

THAT day passed. So did the next. The fog had lightened a little, and from my sun porch I had begun to see the edge of Hogback Island. In the middle of the afternoon I heard the wheeze and clank of Joev's Ford.

"Hey, Lieutenant!"

I went to the door and asked him what he wanted.

"I'm going out to pick up Al's traps. Want to come along?"

I took my sketch-book in case the sky was clear out over the islands and I saw anything I wanted to put down.

Joey was silent as he took Al's black boat down the channel and out in the bay. I could tell by the way he held the wheel that he was enjoying himself. He bent forward into the wind like a speedboat pilot, and he was using more gas than was safe in this weather. But he must have known the shoals and reefs around these islands like the lay of his own front yard. He spun the wheel and we whipped around in as close to a right-angle turn as you can get in that kind of boat.

In a long, beautiful, almost soundless glide, we slid abreast of one of Al's orange and black buoys. Joey looked back at me over his shoulder. I wish I could have sketched the look of pride and triumph on his face then, but no artist can work that fast. It was gone in an instant.

He pulled the buoy out of the water and hauled in the line. The boat, still in gear, described a tight curve. In a moment the trap broke water. I went forward to help pull it out, and I saw that he had caught a lobster, a scrawny little creature. I was

sure it would weigh below the limit, but Joey didn't throw it back.

"Just a little under," he said. "We'll take him home and fatten him up."

Though I had been out here a few times with Al, I had lost my bearings. But Joey seemed to be able to read our position from the colors of the water. With no landmarks to guide him, he took the boat carelessly from one orange and black buoy to the next. He piled the traps in the bow as he picked them up, and any bait that was left he emptied overboard. Gulls followed us, screaming. Joey had settled down and was working hard and fast. He would have made a good lobsterman if he had ever been able to put the money together for a boat of his own.

"Hold the wheel, will you, Lieutenant?" he said suddenly. "This don't feel right."

He dropped the buoy and pulled in on the line with both hands, bracing himself. And he brought up, not a lobster trap, but the body of Al Grindle.

Al's body came first and a trap followed. We said nothing as we lifted him into the boat. It was easy to see what had happened. The snarled line had tightened around Al's leg and pulled him over; just above the snarl he had hacked at the line with his knife, trying to free himself. I looked for the leather holster that he wore on his hip for his lobster knife. The holster was there, but it was empty.

Joey had gone gray. We laid Al on the duckboards. Joey swung the wheel, not recklessly—the racy speedboat he had been driving changed back into a lobster boat, steady and dependable, but to a spirited man, terribly dull. We took Al home.

Joey mumbled savagely all the way in. I didn't get much of what he was saying, but he seemed to be blaming the lobsters for Al's death.

I called up John Murray, the town's chief of police, a good man and a friend of mine. He came down to the harbor and took over.

I don't claim that I knew right away that Al had been murdered. It came to me an hour or so later when I was back on my sun porch, sucking at a pipe that didn't taste

(Continued on page 46)



Joey had posted another lobsterman farther up the point.

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

You won't be buying that Thanksgiving bird so cheaply, come Turkey Day. This year's turkey crop is the smallest since 1938, the Department of Agriculture reports. The reason? Growers last year were forced to market birds at prices below 1946--after having paid steadily spiraling feed prices during the growing season.

Farmers are cutting down in other directions, too. Our total national milk supply is less than we require to meet our nutritional needs. Milk prices are setting new high records. Exports are over pre-war levels. Nevertheless, the Department of Agriculture reports, the decline in the number of cows is going into its fifth year. Farmers will have fewer cows in 1949 than in any years since the early 1930's and the 1949 per capita milk production will be the lowest since the drought years of the last decade.

However, we're not going to go hungry. Shipping figures still show an export balance, but the Department of Commerce reports food imports up 17 per cent during the first half of this year and food exports down 20 per cent. Our imports of animals and animal products nearly doubled, while imports of edible vegetable oils and fats jumped 276 per cent.

★

Coming events cast their shadows before them. While milk output drops, the Government is seeking to encourage the production of fox and mink furs. The Eightieth Congress issued directions to the Farm Credit Administration to encourage the multiplication of these fur-bearing animals and fur farmers are now being urged to apply for loans to finance feeding, breeding and marketing of animals and pelts. Furs are still preferred for fighters in cold climates.

★

How many yardsticks can be applied to the American economy? A basic source book recently issued by the Department of Commerce contains no less than 2,500 statistical series for measuring the fundamentals which make our system click.

Not included, but basic to present-

day planners, are the current income figures. They show manufacturers' sales up 15 per cent, with personal income also feeling the push. During the first seven months of 1948, personal income was at an annual rate of \$208.6 billion, as compared with \$190.7 billion during the same period of last year and the full-year total of \$195.2 billion for 1947.

★

There are indications that some foods are pricing themselves out of the market. While retail store sales in one recent month were 13 per cent above a year ago, sales of eating and drinking places were one per cent below. While chain store and mail order sales also were 13 per cent higher during the first half of this year, chain grocery store sales showed a contra-seasonal decrease of four per cent as the season changed--the first sizeable decrease after an almost continuous upward trend during the preceding twelve months.

★

Washington is finding, too, that price control talk will not be kept down, and examples of various approaches to the problem are springing up here and there. Mexico has just set up a government agency to act as the sole importer of lard from the U.S. Lard is Mexico's most important food commodity import and Mexico will resell its lard internally at a subsidized peso price considerably lower than Mexican traders would have to pay if they had to import it themselves at the current depreciated exchange rate.

★

Any day now you may be asked to take part in a new national scrap drive. The goal? To protect domestic, military and foreign aid requirements against the losses inherent in any drop below maximum iron and steel production. A systematic combining out of obsolete machinery for the scrap heap is in prospect.

★

Perfectured with a Federal grant of \$37,000 under a \$1,500,000 program to stimulate industrial development, a new method of

(Continued on page 49)



For Antlered Santas

An Old-Fashi

BY ROBERT BENCHLEY

By request, we are reprinting from the December, 1937, issue of Elks Magazine "An Old-Fashioned Christmas" by the late Robert Benchley.

SOONER or later at every Christmas party, just as things are beginning to get good, some one shuts his eyes, puts his head back and moans softly: "Ah, well, this isn't like the old days. We don't seem to have any good old-fashioned Christmases any more." To which the answer from my corner of the room is: "All right! That suits me!"

Just what they have in mind when they say "old-fashioned Christmas" you never can pin them down to telling. "Lots of snow," they mutter, "and lots of food." Yet, if you work it right, you can still get plenty of snow and food today. Snow, at any rate.

Then there seems to be some idea of the old-fashioned Christmas being, of necessity, in the country. It doesn't make any difference whether you were raised on a farm or whether your ideas of a rural Christmas were gleaned from pictures in old copies of "Harper's Young People," you must give folks to understand that such were the surroundings in which you spent your childhood holidays.

GIDDYAP!

Well, supposing you get your wish some time. Supposing, let us say, your wife's folks who live up in East Russet, Vermont, write and ask you to come up and bring the children for a good old-fashioned Christmas, "while we are all still together," they add cheerily with their flair for putting everybody in good humor.

In order to get to East Russet you take the Vermont Central as far as Twitchell's Falls and change there for Torpid River Junction where a spur line takes you right into Gormley. At Gormley you are met by a buckboard which takes you back to Torpid River Junction again. By this time a train or something has come in which will wait for the local from Besus.

At East Russet Grandpa meets you with the sleigh. The bags are piled in and Mother sits in front with

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Elks Gift Ideas

onned Christmas

Lester in her lap while Daddy takes Junior and Ga-Ga in back with him and the luggage. Giddyap, Esther Girl!

Esther Girl giddyaps, and two suitcases fall out. Heigh-ho! Out we get and pick them up, brushing the snow off and filling our cuffs with it as we do so. After all, there is nothing like snow for getting up one's cuffs. Good clean snow never hurt anyone. Which is lucky, because after you have gone a mile or so, you discover that Ga-Ga is missing. Never mind, she is a self-reliant little girl and will doubtless find her way to the farm by herself. Probably she will be there waiting for you when you arrive.

BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

The farm is situated on a hill about eleven hundred miles from the center of town, just before you get into Canada. If there is a breeze in winter, they get it. But what do they care for breezes, so long as they have the Little Colonel oil-heater in the front room, to make everything cozy and warm within a radius of four inches! And the big open fireplace with the draught coming down it! "Blow, blow, thou winter wind! Thou are not so unkind as man's ingratitude." If it's all the same to Shakespeare, however, I'll take a chance on man's ingratitude until I get back to a steam-heated house.

But this is out of order. You are just driving up to the farmhouse in the sleigh, with the entire right leg frozen where the lap robe has slipped out. Grandma is waiting for you at the door and you bustle in, all glowing with good cheer. "Merry Christmas, Grandma!" Lester is cross and Junior is asleep and has to be dragged by the hand upstairs, bumping against each step all the way. It is so late that you decide that you all might as well go to bed, especially as you learn that breakfast is at four-thirty. It usually is at four, but Christmas being a holiday everyone sleeps late.

HOW TO GET UNDRESSED

The way to get undressed for bed in one of Grandpa's bedrooms is as follows: Starting from the foot of the stairs where it is warm, run up



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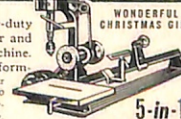
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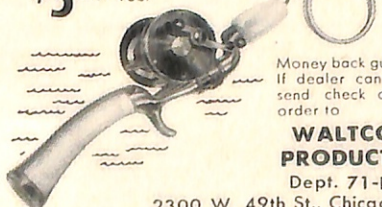
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two at a time to keep the circulation going as long as possible. Opening the bedroom door with one hand, tear down the curtains from the windows with the other, pick up the rugs from the floor and snatch the spread from the top of the bureau. Pile all these on the bed, cover with the closet door which you have wrenched from its hinges, and leap quickly underneath. It sometimes helps to put on a pair of rubbers over your shoes.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP

Then there are Things abroad in the house. Shortly after you get into bed, the stairs start snapping. Next, something runs along the roof over your head. You say to yourself: "Don't be silly. It's only Santa Claus." Then it runs along in the wall behind the head of the bed. Santa Claus wouldn't do that.

The unmistakable sound of someone dying in great pain rises from just below the window-sill. It is a sort of low moan, with just a touch of strangulation in it. Perhaps Santa has fallen off the roof.

Christmas morning dawns cloudy and cold, with the threat of plenty more snow, and, after all, what would Christmas be without snow? You lie in bed for one hour and a quarter trying to figure out how you can get up without losing the covers from around you. A glance at the water pitcher shows that it is time for them to put the red ball up for skating. You think of the nice warm bathroom at home, and decide that you can wait until you get back there before shaving.

BREAKING THE ICE

This breaking the ice in the pitcher seems to be a feature of the early lives of all great men which they look back on with tremendous satisfaction. "When I was a boy, I used to have to break the ice in the pitcher every morning before I could wash," is said with as much pride as one might say, "When I was a boy I stood at the head of my class." Just what virtue there is in having to break ice in a pitcher is not evident, unless it lies in their taking the bother to break the ice and wash at all. Any time that I have to break ice in a pitcher as a preliminary to washing, I go unwashed, that's all. And Benjamin Franklin and U. S.

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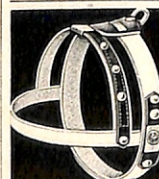
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Elks Gift Ideas



Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes can laugh as much as they like. I'm nobody's fool about a thing like that.

After breakfast everyone begins getting dinner. The kitchen being the only warm place in the house may have something to do with it. But before long there are so many potato peelings and turkey feathers and squash seeds and floating bits of pie crust in the kitchen that the women-folk send you and the children off into the front part of the house to amuse yourselves and get out of the way.

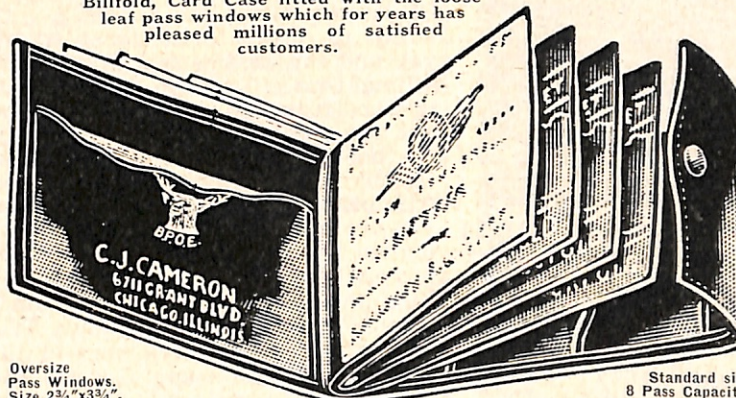
Then what a jolly time you and the kiddies and Grandpa have together! You can either slide on the horse-hair sofa, or play "The Wayside Chapel" on the piano (the piano has scroll-work on either side of the music rack with yellow silk showing through), or look out the window and see ten miles of dark gray snow. Perhaps you may even go out to the barn and look at the horses and cows, but really, as you walk down between the stalls, when you have seen one horse or one cow you have seen them all.

WHAT DID YOU GET?

Of course, there are the presents to be distributed, but that takes on much the same aspect as the same ceremony in the new-fashioned Christmas, except that in the really old-fashioned Christmas the presents weren't so tricky. Children got mostly mittens and shoes, with a sled thrown in sometimes for dissipation. Where a boy today is bored by three o'clock in the afternoon with his electric grain-elevator and miniature pond with real perch in it, the old-fashioned boy was lucky if he got a copy of "Naval Battles of the War of 1812" and an orange. Now this feature is often brought up in praise of the old way of doing things. "I tell you," says Uncle Gyp, "the children in my time never got such presents as you get today." And he seems proud of the fact, as if there were some virtue accruing to him for it. If the children of today can get electric grain elevators and tin automobiles for Christmas, why aren't they that much better off than their grandfathers who got only wristlets? Learning the value of money, which seems to be the only argument of the stand-patters,

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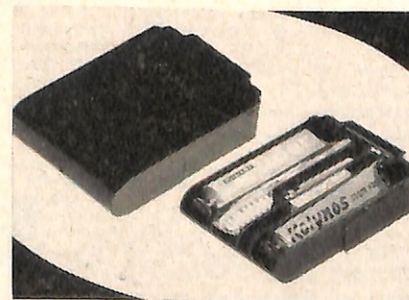
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CONTAINS: Gillette Razor, pkg. of blades, Nylon Tooth Brush, standard size tube of Kolynos Tooth Paste and Williams Brushless Shaving Cream.

Ideal for overnight travel, Servicemen and Businessmen. Wrapped individually in Gift Box. Initial, name, emblem, or name and emblem of any national organization including military, stamped in gold on request at no extra cost. Mailed to you or any person you designate anywhere in the United States for \$3.00 prepaid

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Rhodium plated to prevent tarnishing. Hand-somely cut B.P.O.E. emblem features baked enamel clock with genuine French Marcasites. Airplane clip. Price, \$11.00 per pair, postpaid.

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Identical emblem as on Cuff Links—ornate yet dignified. Wear this tie holder and let 'em know you're an Elk wherever you go! Makes an ideal gift. Price, \$5.00 postpaid.

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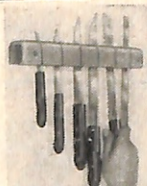
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With *Kaife-Saver**

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TALK-SING-PLAY OVER ANY RADIO

with the Newest Real Radio Mikel! Attaches in a jiffy—Full Instructions Given! Swell for "Parties"—"Cut in" on or "Kid" Regular Network Programs or put on Your Own Broadcasts! Amaze Your Friends—Real Fun! Learn Radio Broadcasting! Beautiful Silver Plastic Detachable base—6 ft. wire!

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GENUINE DIAMOND LIKE ZIRCONS
Sparkling, "Brilliant-White" zircon gems, all sizes, from far-off Siam; cut, polished, mounted just like diamonds. You will be amazed at their diamond-like appearance—it's hard for even experts to tell the difference. Exquisitely smart settings 14K yellow or white gold—over a hundred gorgeous latest-style rings to choose from. Top quality. Attractive low prices. Send for FREE CATALOG.

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doesn't hold very much water as a Christmas slogan. The value of money can be learned in just about five minutes when the time comes, but Christmas is not the season.

But to return to the farm, where you and the kiddies and Gramp' are killing time. You can either bring in wood from the woodshed, or thaw out the pump, or read the books in the bookcase over the writing-desk. Of the three, bringing in the wood will probably be the most fun, as you are likely to burn yourself thawing out the pump, and the list of reading matter on hand includes "The Life and Deeds of General Grant", "Our First Century", "Andy's Trip to Portland", bound volumes of the Jersey Cattle Breeders' Gazette and "Diseases of the Horse". Then there are some old copies of "Round the Lamp" for the years 1850-54 and some colored plates showing plans for the approaching World's Fair at Chicago.

TIME PASSES

Thus the time passes, in one round of gaiety after another, until you are summoned to dinner. Here all caviling must cease. The dinner lives up to the advertising. If an old-fashioned Christmas could consist entirely of dinner, without the old-fashioned bedrooms, the old-fashioned pitcher and the old-fashioned entertainments we professional pessimists wouldn't have a turkey-leg left to stand on.

INDIGESTION

And the dinner only makes the aftermath seem worse. According to an old custom of the human race, every one overeats. Deliberately and with considerable gusto you sit at the table and say pleasantly, "My, but I won't be able to walk after this. Just a little more of the dark meat, please, Grandpa, and just a dab of stuffing. Oh, dear, that's too much!" You haven't the excuse of the drunkard, who becomes oblivious to his excesses after several drinks. You know what you are doing, and yet you make light of it and even laugh about it as long as you can laugh without splitting out a seam.

And then you sit and moan. If you were having a good new-fashioned Christmas you could go out to the movies or take a walk, or a ride, but

SOMETHING NEW in Gifts for Men

THE PERFECT NECKTIE and ACCESSORY VALET
The Finest in Tie Racks
SNAPS UP WHEN YOU NEED IT

Snap Rack
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A flip of the finger and the rack snaps up bringing 24 of your ties into plain view for your easy selection. Push rack down—it holds. Drawer holds cuff links, tie clip, rings, etc.

Two chrome initials mounted—\$54 extra
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A DYNAMIC VALUE AT \$1.49

Yes, send us only \$1.49 and you will receive 3 BALL POINT PENS, each a different color, in BLUE, RED, and GREEN. Precision built for long service. All write beautifully. Send remittance with order and we include a sturdy leatherette case at no extra cost, or C.O.D. plus postage & charges. Money back if not satisfied.

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For the Ladies too!



New Easy Way to DECORATE CAKES

JUST LIKE PROFESSIONALS

MAKES FLOWERS, LEAVES, NAMES AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS



Complete set **ONLY \$1.00**
3 BAGS
3 TIPS

SANITARY... PLASTIC-LINED

This amazing Cake Decorator will beautify your cakes with flowers, loops, borders, and names. Squeeze the bag—that's all there's to it! You need not limit these fancy tricks to pastries alone. You can decorate your salads and desserts—make dainty cookies—stuff celery with cream cheese—make hors d'oeuvres. Each set contains 3 plastic-lined bags which make it easy to do a cake with many colors. These bags are washable and durable! You also receive 3 tips each shaped differently so you can decorate the cake with various designs. Directions on how to make decorating icing are included in each package.

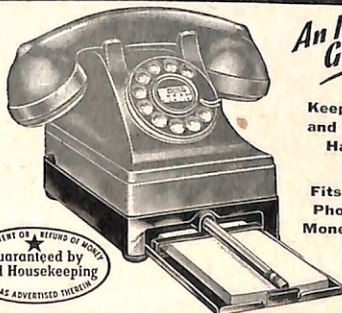
EXTRA GIFT. As an added gift for prompt action we will include a booklet showing unique decorating designs and ALSO an extra tip which makes beautiful roses with just two circles of icing.

SEND NO MONEY. Merely clip ad and mail today with name and address. On arrival pay postman \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage—or **SAVE MONEY** by sending cash and we pay postage! Your \$1.00 back if not completely satisfied. 3 sets... only \$2.79. Same guarantee holds.

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COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK. 5x7 1/2 oblong, \$2.65; 5x7 oval and 5 1/2 round \$2.95; 6 1/2 x 9, \$3.95. Extra refill pads, 20 for \$1.00. No C.O.D.'s. Dealers invited.

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to be really old-fashioned you must stick close to the house, for in the old days there were no movies and no automobiles and if you wanted to take a walk you had to have the hired man go ahead of you with a snow-shovel and make a tunnel. There are probably plenty of things to do in the country today, and just as many automobiles and electric lights as there are in the city, but you can't call Christmas with all these improvements "an old-fashioned Christmas". That's cheating.

TICK! TOCK!

If you are going through with the thing right, you have got to retire to the sitting-room after dinner and sit. Of course, you can go out and play in the snow if you want to, but you know as well as I do that this playing in the snow is all right when you are small but a bit trying on any one over thirty. And anyway, it always began to snow along about three in the afternoon of an old-fashioned Christmas day, with a cheery old leaden sky overhead and a jolly old gale sweeping around the house.

No, you simply must sit indoors, in front of a fire if you insist, but nevertheless with nothing much to do. The children are sleepy and snarling. Grandpa is just sleepy. Someone tries to start the conversation, but everyone else is too gorged with food to be able to move the lower jaw sufficiently to articulate. It develops that the family is in possession of the loudest-ticking clock in the world and along about four o'clock it begins to break its own record.

OBITUARY

Louder and louder the clock ticks, until something snaps in your brain and you give a sudden leap into the air with a scream, finally descending to strangle each of the family in turn, Grandpa as he sleeps. Then, as you feel your end is near, all the warm things you have ever known come back to you, in a flash.

You dash out into the snowdrifts and plunge along until you sink exhausted. Only the fact that this article ends here keeps you from freezing to death, with an obituary the next day reading:

"DIED suddenly, at East Russet, Vt., of an old-fashioned Christmas."

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You never saw A GIFT more pleasing... our "EPICUREAN SELECTION" is the ideal gift for the friend or business associate who "has everything". 7 distinctive and exciting taste treats... generous quantity of each. Contains 1 lb. Aged Wisconsin Cheddar, 12 oz. Balgigue, 1 lb. Aged Brick, 4 oz. Camembert, 8 oz. Yorkshire, 4 oz. Blue and 1 lb. Mild Wisconsin Cheddar Cheese. **\$6.50** In beautiful "Keystone" Gift Box...

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American Type Cheeses our specialty... sold direct to purchaser only... never sold in stores. When you buy direct, you are assured cheese correctly aged for perfect enjoyment. ORDER NOW. You'll want boxes for all your friends, too. Send check or money order. We pay shipping charges to any U.S. address East of Rockies. (West of Rockies, add 25c per box.)

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CHEESE CENTER OF THE WORLD

ELK FAMILY ALBUM

Last July we published photographs of fathers and sons and brothers who are members of our Order. We are publishing another such group on this page, with more to come in future issues of the Magazine. On page 14 of this issue you will find further interesting information on the subject of Elk Families.



Abram Wessell and his six sons, all members in good standing of GRAND HAVEN, MICH., LODGE. Left to right, top: George, Don, Louis and Jack; bottom: Robert, Abram and James.

Left to right: Irvin, Orville, Otto, Dale and Elmer Knupple, all of CHEYENNE, WYO. LODGE.



George Wilby, seated center, is surrounded by his five sons, Albert, George, Jr., Frank, Theodore and Arthur, members of NORRISTOWN, PA., LODGE.



Grand Trustee Sam Stern congratulates a father and his twin sons upon their initiation into GRAND FORKS, N.D., LODGE. Left to right: George W. Raymond, Jr., the father, Gerald Raymond, and Mr. Stern.



WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., LODGE is proud of the representation of three generations of one family. Left to right: James H. Evans, Sr., James L. Evans, James H. Evans the 2nd, and the Exalted Ruler Hari Eklund.

News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

PENNSYLVANIA

The 42nd Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. was held in Reading, August 30 to Sept. 2nd, with a registration of nearly 450 officials, and over 5,000 visiting Elks and their ladies. Heading a list of distinguished visitors were Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and Charles H. Grakelow, all of whom spoke at the opening session. The forceful message of Grand Exalted Ruler Hall brought the 500 delegates to their feet in answer to his demand that the youth of America be guarded against the dangers of foreign ideologies.

The Tuesday afternoon session was highlighted by the report of the State Student Aid Committee, during which Chairman Grakelow presented scholarships provided by the Elks National Foundation and the State Association to ten students. The report of the Foundation Committee, presented by Co-Chairmen Lee Donaldson and Ralph Robinson, reiterated the startling statement made at the Grand Lodge Convention that \$466,500 in cash and subscriptions, was raised throughout the State in less than a year. Chairman Howard R. Davis' report of the Veterans Hospital Committee revealed that \$14,600 was spent on that effort.

Officers for the coming year are: Pres., John T. Gross, Allentown; Vice-Pres., John H. Bennett, Renovo; Secy., William S. Gould, Scranton (reelected); Treas., Charles S. Brown, Allegheny (reelected); Trustee for five years, John C. Bell, Easton.

TENNESSEE

On Sept. 17, 18 and 19th Knoxville Lodge No. 160 was host to 300 registered delegates of the Tenn. Elks Assn., and guests who included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Chairman Hugh Hicks of the Board of Grand Trustees and Floyd Brown, Representative of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Four VA hospitals in the State have received splendid assistance from the Tennessee Elks during the year, and the American Cancer Society was another recipient of the efforts of the Order which collected over \$60,000 in funds. A fine Scout program has been carried out, and scholarships have been set aside for individuals who did not participate nationally. The 1948 Convention delegates voted unanimously to continue participation in these programs and decided on Jackson as the scene of the 1949 meeting.

A barbecue, buffet luncheons for the men and similar luncheon for the ladies were highlights of this conclave, with a banquet and dance the main social activities. In spite of its youth, Oak Ridge Lodge No. 1684 walked off with top honors in the Ritualistic Contest.



Bedford, Pa., Elks officials confer with the officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.



Pres. Edward A. Dutton of the Georgia Elks P.E.R.'s Assn. is congratulated by Past Pres. Jesse Jewell. Left to right are P.D.D. Roderrick M. McDuffie, member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Jewell, P.D.D. Clay Davis and P.D.D. H. C. Van Horn.

Officers for the coming year are: Pres., Edward W. McCabe, Nashville; Ranking Vice-Pres., N.E., J. Ross Reed, Greeneville; Vice-Pres., W., John Gasell, Jackson; Vice-Pres., Cent., Allan Fraser, Columbia; Vice-Pres., E., R. E. Simpson, Oak Ridge; Secy., Tom Stratton, Nashville; Treas., John T. Menefee, Chattanooga; Trustees: W. H. Foster, Jackson (two years); C. F. Shofe, Bristol (one year); Earl Broden, Nashville (three years); Tiler, John Longhill, Memphis; Sgt.-at-Arms, Fred Pudde, Jr., Jackson, and Chaplain, Father Daniel Richardson, Knoxville.

NORTH DAKOTA

North Dakota Elks, closing their three-day 1948 Convention on June 8th, chose Everett Palmer of Williston as their Association leader for the coming year, and then turned their attention to staging one of the biggest and brightest parades of many a year. Before the colorful display of marching units, floats and bands captivated the attention of thousands of Minot citizens, these men joined Mr. Palmer to head

the organization till the 1949 meeting in Grand Forks: Vice-Pres., T. E. George, Jamestown; Secy., E. A. Reed, Jamestown; Trustees: J. J. Murray, Mandan, and Frank Archibald, Fargo; Tiler, George Upright, Bismarck, and Treas., (since 1930) Alec Rawitscher, Williston. Other Trustees are A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson; Joseph A. Corder, Devils Lake, and A. G. Roos, Minot.

Social highlights included golf, trap-shooting, a dinner and dance the last evening, and a banquet Monday evening at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Grand Trustee Sam Stern, Congressman Charles R. Robertson and retiring Pres. Mack V. Traynor were the principal speakers.

The splendid work being done by the Association for crippled children and the patients of the various VA hospitals was reviewed at this meeting. It also was revealed that the work of raising a fund of \$50,000 among the ten lodges in the State, as a contribution to the Elks National Foundation in memory of former Grand Chaplain Father Peter McGeough of Valley City, is more than half completed.



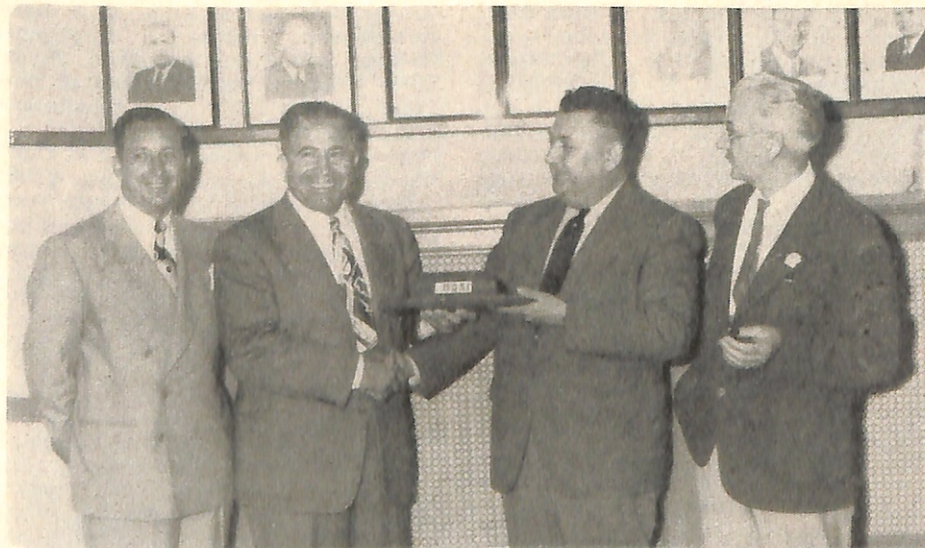
NEWS OF THE LODGES



These youngsters were entered in Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge's third Annual Soap Box Derby, an event rivaling the famous races in Akron, Ohio.



Charter Members John W. Evert, Wm. H. Shumaker and Melvin R. Crowl, left to right, are welcomed to the 37th Anniversary and Charter Night of Three Rivers, Michigan, Lodge by Exalted Ruler Anthony J. Manino.



Hempstead, N. Y., Elks honored their famous Brother, Andrew Varipapa, World's Bowling Champion, at a dinner recently. Left to right are Frank Caprise, Mr. Varipapa, E.R. Jacob Kohn and P.E.R. Wm. F. McMahon.

HILLSDALE, MICH., Lodge, No. 1575, held its annual "Elks Community Day" in August at the local Fair Grounds, and young Gary Davis of Rocky River, Ohio, who was visiting his grandfather, P.E.R. William E. Davis of No. 1575, ran off with the coveted first prize for the most patriotically trimmed bicycle.

This is the tenth annual event of its kind, with approximately 1,000 youngsters on hand and about 150 participating in the pet and bike parade. Each child received gifts of money, balloons, etc., and had his fill of ice cream and pop.

RECOGNITION: Every once in a while newspaper items commenting on activities of the Order are brought to our attention. Three recent noteworthy examples come from widely separated sections of our country—New Jersey, Louisiana and California.

A Union County, N. J., news column mentions many of the hundreds of civic-minded activities of our great Order. The Shreveport, La., paper devotes an editorial to the strong stand the Order is taking against Communism, stressing the power of the long arm of Elkdome in smashing subversive elements at the election polls this month.

Going West, we find the Whittier, Calif., newspaper reporting a specific Elk activity. The assistance given by our California Brothers to hospitalized veterans is well known. The California column takes further recognition of a collection of watches, cameras, clocks and other junk piling up in the local lodge home. This conglomeration is the responsibility of Chairman Martin McGrail of the Whittier Lodge Veterans Service Committee, and will be the means of whiling away many tiresome hours of convalescent servicemen who will put these cast-offs back into working order, thereby learning a valuable trade for later life.

It is gratifying to us to see these many divergent comments on the charitable facets of Elkdome.

WINTHROP, MASS., Lodge, No. 1078, took a nice way to observe V-J Day this year. The Winthrop Post of the AMVETS were entertained at the lodge home and were presented with the Post colors by the local lodge. D.D. Andrew A. Biggio was one of the dignitaries on hand.

Two hundred boys were guests of No. 1078 at a game between the Braves and the Giants during the late summer. Four buses were chartered for transportation and refreshments were served to the youngsters during the game. Several members of the lodge went along more for the game than for the ride.

At Spartanburg, S. C., Lodge, when Life memberships were presented to various guests, were, left to right: E.R. J. P. Earle, P.E.R. Dr. J. B. Branyon, Senator Olin D. Johnston, Honorary Life Member of Columbia Lodge, Judge T. S. Sease, Federal Judge C. C. Wyche and Past District Deputy Edwin W. Johnson, P.E.R.



Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge honored these Charter Members on the celebration of its 27th Anniversary. Twenty-year pins were given to these men, as well as several other long-time members, on this happy occasion.



Connellsville, Pa., Lodge is rightfully proud of this outstanding class of 86 candidates, the largest in its history.



Left to right: Bill Ricardo, Ken Macdonald, Ed. Rieman, Leo Bicher, Capt. Frank McAvooy, Geo. Brower and Sol Gerardi make up Hackensack, N. J., Lodge's Pistol Team, entrant in the International Pistol Tournaments sponsored by the N. Y. Daily Mirror. This group introduced a resolution to the N. J. Elks Assn. to organize competitive pistol matches between lodges.

E.R. W. A. Baker of Adams, Mass., Lodge gives an award to Boy Scout Laurence C. Ferguson, Jr., adjudged the outstanding Scout at Berkshire County Scout Camp Eagle. Looking on, left to right, are Scout Committee Chairman Alfred Grosz, Camping and Activities Committee Chairman Joseph C. Merlini, Committee Secy. Edward Johndrow, Treas. A. J. Sheehan, and the young man's father.



LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, is one of the most active branches of the Order, and has been enjoying many newsworthy events in the past months. A special award of merit was given by the lodge to the *Los Angeles Times* Boys Club, an organization sponsored by the newspaper to develop underprivileged children into good citizens. The award was given in appreciation of the cooperation shown by the Club in providing boxing entertainment for various Elk shindigs. The Elks of No. 99 recently held a joint meeting with the area's American Legion Posts which was very successful, and the gathering held in honor of State Vice-

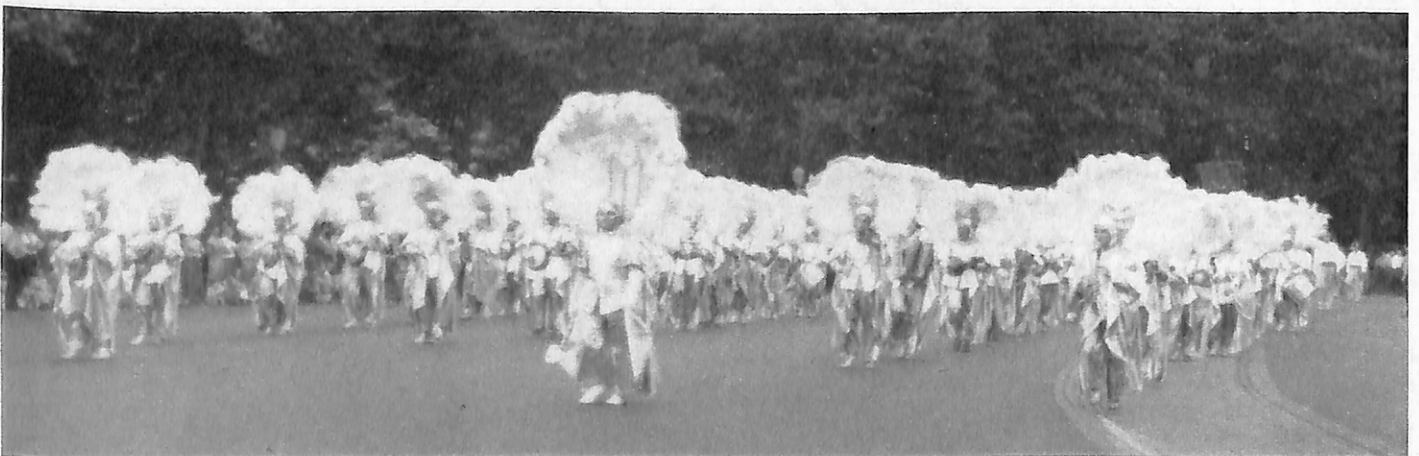
President Robert P. Mohrbacker's visit not long ago was another memorable event.

BROCKTON, MASS., Lodge, No. 164, takes a very active part in the State Elks' Youth Organization. Under the chairmanship of Harold J. Cross, the Brockton group's program committee has been sponsoring a water ballet group, in an effort to make it possible for the young people to develop and perfect the difficult and lovely patterns and designs which go toward making a water ballet.

Not only has the sponsorship given the young water sprites an opportunity

to compete in the NEAAAU meets held during the summer, but the lodge has also provided smart bathing suits for the girls, emblems for the suits, and various other necessary items which add to the effectiveness of the team in presenting the ballet. The lodge is also outfitting several of the outstanding boy swimmers of the city, and provided a bus to take the youngsters to the various meets.

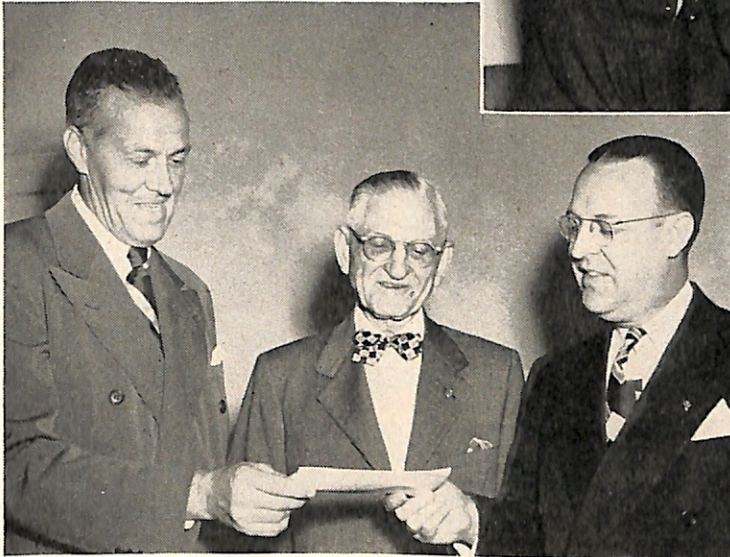
It is hoped that the committee will be able to keep swimming an active sport during the winter months at the indoor pools in the vicinity, so that by next summer the ballet will be ready for competitions.



This doesn't do justice to the spectacularly uniformed musical unit entered by Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge in the

Grand Lodge Convention Parade, we wish to give those who missed it an opportunity to see this colorful entry.

State Assn. Pres. Earl Williams accepts a \$1,000 check from the wife of P.E.R. A. W. Mochon, President of Compton, Calif., Lodge's Emblem Club, as the Club's subscription to the Elks National Foundation. E.R. Earl Foremaster and Emblem Club Secy Estelle Carpenter look on.



E.R. A. C. Clyborne, right, presents Greensboro, N. C., K.O. Polio Club's check for \$75,989.83 to C. M. Vanstory, Jr., left, Pres. of the Central Carolina Convalescent Hospital, as Secy. W. B. Vaught smiles his approval. The K.O. Polio Club is made up of Elks and other civic-minded groups of the community.

The entire Order shares the pride of Dr. Charles Mathias, a member of Tulare, Calif., Lodge for eleven years, whose 17-year-old son, Robert, shown with his mother and father, is the winner of the Olympic Decathlon Championship, after taking the National AAU Title. For any of you who may not know, the coveted decathlon award is presented to the one making the best record in ten grueling track events.



The swimming team sponsored by Brockton, Mass., Lodge's Youth Organization.



Some of the 350 San Jose, Calif., Elks in the lodge's new Gold Room Dining Hall on "Italian Night."



Lancaster, Ohio, Lodge was host to a corps of big-name movie stars when the world premiere of "The Green Grass of Wyoming" took place there. A high-

light was the playing of P.D.D. Alcid Brasseur's thirty-piece Symphonette Band, which plays regularly for the entertainment of veterans in the Ohio hospitals.



The nearly 60 new members of Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge who were pleasantly entertained on initiation night.

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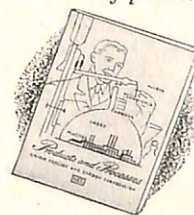
Examples? Better metals for giant turbines and generators, improved transformers and transmission lines. Stainless steel, resistant to rust and corrosion. Better plastics that make insulation fire-resistant, and more flexible and wear-proof... for the millions of miles of wires it takes to make power our servant.

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NEWS OF THE LODGES



Presentation of two resuscitators to St. Raphael's Hospital and Grace-New Haven Community Hospital was made recently by West Haven, Conn., Lodge. Left to right are C. H. Whitehead, Chairman of the lodge's Board of Trustees; Sister Rose Alexis, Treasurer of St. Raphael's, Sister Evelyn, Supervisor of the Maternity Dept. of St. Raphael's Hospital; Est. Lead. Knight J. C. Hildrich; Supt. Dr. S. G. Davidson of Grace-New Haven Hospital; Mrs. A. Occhiboi, Maternity Supervisor, and P.E.R. Joseph P. Gregory, Chairman of the Elks Annual Charity Bazaar which made these gifts possible.

These young men, with E.R. R. J. Martin, left, and P.E.R. T. O. Richards, right, comprise the team sponsored by Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge in the city's Midget Baseball League.



The officers of Red Lodge, "Beartooth", Mont., Lodge present their pledge of \$12,000 to officers of the Carbon County Memorial Hospital Assn. This pledge will provide a nursery and furnishings for the institution. Left to right are Loyal Knight C. W. Waters, Lect. Knight H. E. Baretta, E.R. Richard M. Gilder, Chairman H. K. Wilson of the Soliciting Committee, and W. B. Venard, Secretary of the Hospital Association.

Teamwork in Building

(Continued from page 6)

mechanics' unions have been submitting their differences to the panel of arbitrators, a decision *never*—repeat, *never*—has been carried to the national referee for appeal. During the three years the A.F.L. honored me with the appointment of national referee—the only employer ever to serve in the post—nothing requiring attention came up in the New York area.

In other words, labor is satisfied that those of us who are both employers and judges render completely impartial decisions influenced only by the principles of justice. The A.F.L. officially recognizes and approves the arrangement. The National Labor Relations Board has given it official sanction under the Taft-Hartley Law and has held up the BTEA as a model all industry throughout the country could copy to advantage. Robert N. Denham, general counsel of the NLRB, wrote, in part, the following to the BTEA on March 5, 1948:

"What everyone is seeking to produce here (in Washington) is the elimination of work stoppages arising from jurisdictional disputes and the effective determination of such disputes. Since that is what your plan appears to have accomplished in New York, I feel quite certain you can expect that it will continue to be given all of the support which it previously has received from those who are interested in it."

That the BTEA plan has received the official commendation and endorsement of the government does not surprise me. What does puzzle me is that other branches of industry have not copied it. (Chicago and Boston adjudicate jurisdictional disputes in the building trades, but the council that sits in judgment is composed of representatives from labor and management. The New York set-up is unique in that the highest court of appeal is made up solely of management.)

I submit that the distinguished record the building trade has established in New York represents the highest and most democratic expression of collective bargaining. Agreement always can be reached if reasonable men can sit down and discuss a problem objectively. I've been in the construction business since boyhood and I've always held to the philosophy that labor and management can get together if there is mutual respect and appreciation for the other fellow's problem.

If I haven't said it before, let me state now, as positively and sincerely as I can, that I always have believed a working man must have some form of representation in his trade. To my mind, the unions are the most practicable method for attaining that result. Nobody has to tell me that the worker needs protection of employment opportunities. He has spent a good deal of time and effort acquiring

the skills that qualify him for certain jobs and he has the right to demand that nobody undercuts his price or encroaches on his territory.

To merit such protection, however, the worker also must be willing to abide by adverse decisions produced by the same machinery that has been set up to guarantee his, and others', rights. Human nature being what it is, the worker is disappointed or dam' sore when a decision goes against him. He expected to win his case; if the union representing him didn't think it was right, it wouldn't have started the whole thing in the first place. The situation is analogous to a civil suit heard in court. The loser is a law-abiding citizen and

doesn't go out and shoot the first cop he sees. The 200,000 building mechanics within the scope of the BTEA may not like all our decisions, but they know we are calling our shots, as we see them, with complete impartiality. That's why the findings of the arbitrators never have been appealed in Washington.

There will be skeptics, I suppose, who will look askance at a labor court of appeals that includes only management. They will sniff suspiciously and say the arrangement throws off bad odors because the employers are in there taking good care of themselves at the expense of labor. If that charge were true, the

(Continued on page 38)

A Letter from

SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

September 4, 1948

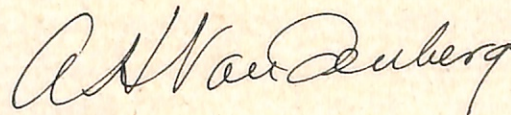
The Editor
Elks Magazine
50 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

My dear Friend:

I have just read your latest issue containing the article by Mr. William Henry Chamberlin and I cannot refrain from saying to you that I think this is one of the ablest and most useful discussions of Soviet-American relationships that I have read.

With warm personal regards and best wishes,

Cordially and faithfully,



It was gratifying to *The Elks Magazine* to receive the above letter from the distinguished Senator from Michigan, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and a life-time member of the Order. The letter refers to the article *Russia and Us—Can We Get Along?* which appeared in our September issue.

entire mediation and arbitration set-up in New York would have collapsed long ago. You know what would have happened: Labor would have picked up and walked out cold, and nobody could blame it.

Let me cite a recent, actual case to prove that management makes decisions that costs it important money. A few months ago work was begun on razing the Tombs, the county jail in New York. A grim, forbidding fortress of a building, the Tombs was constructed of stone and steel to stand through the ages—and it would have if the municipal authorities had not decided a more modern structure was needed. It was a big job and three unions claimed it—the Excavating Laborers, the House Wreckers and the Structural Iron Workers. It was a tough nut to crack because any one of the three unions could have handled the work.

There are four general methods of demolishing a building, probably familiar to everyone. You can:

1. Work from the top down, sending the stuff down chutes to waiting trucks.

2. Smack down the walls with a heavy weight swung by a crane—the cannonball, as it is known in the trade.

3. Cut holes through the floors, sweep everything into the basement and remove the debris with steam shovels.

4. Cut and lower the steel girders with power equipment.

On May 25, 1948, the arbitration board announced its findings. It is noteworthy to point out that any one of the fourteen members, all contractors, may have a similar job in the future and will be bound by precedent to adhere to their own ruling. The employers decided that since power equipment was being used to demolish and lower heavy girders, the work in the interests of safety properly belonged to the iron workers who are experienced in handling such machinery.

Here is the kicker. The union scale for house wreckers is \$1.90 an hour, for excavating laborers \$1.70 an hour—and for iron workers \$3 an hour. Since about 30 men a day are employed on the job that will take several months to complete, it requires no extensive knowledge of mathematics to appreciate that the arbitrators' decision cost one of their colleagues, a contractor, many thousands of dollars.

NOT all cases are as involved as that one, of course. In fact, it is the rare dispute that goes as far as arbitration. Of the 30 complaints or requests for points of information phoned in to BTEA headquarters during the average day, at least two-thirds are resolved immediately on the site of a job by William G. Wheeler, secretary. Mr. Wheeler has been with the BTEA for 22 years and knows by heart the Handbook of the Association, which the workers call "the bible". The Handbook contains all the cases and decisions submitted

to arbitration since 1903. At the last count there were about 400 such cases covering all phases of the construction business. That is our book of precedents and, like a duly constituted law court, we try to keep our interpretation of the code uniform. Incidentally, the BTEA gives free information and advice to independent contractors who are not members of the Association to help them avert potential trouble with labor unions. The 1,000 members of the BTEA handle approximately 85 per cent of all new construction in New York.

Precedents mean nothing, of course, when an entirely new set of circumstances arises. Again, to make my point clear, let me review briefly a case that came before us in May: A brand new method for insulating cold storage rooms recently was developed involving the use of aluminum foil. In preparing such a room, rolls of aluminum are stapled to wood bases that are nailed against the walls like lattice-work. The aluminum then is sealed to the wood with lead strips and the process is repeated a second time. The last step is the application of a third sheet of aluminum which is given a high finish.

The contractor building the cold storage room gave the work to the carpenters because of the necessary wood base, then the nailing of the aluminum. It seemed the logical thing to do, but the sheet metal workers claimed the job because they felt that sheet aluminum was their province. The situation was ripe for a jurisdictional strike and one undoubtedly would have popped up if not for the BTEA's machinery. The harassed contractor, caught squarely in the middle of a controversy that was not of his making, told agents of the carpenters' and sheet metal workers' unions to take the issue to the labor council. Failing to reach an agreement, the matter was brought before the BTEA arbitration board. After listening to both sides, the board quickly brought the two parties together in a satisfactory

compromise. The job of applying the first two layers of aluminum was given to the carpenters. The finishing touches went to the sheet metal workers. Both unions were satisfied.

This was a classic example of a justifiable jurisdictional dispute. Two unions claimed work they sincerely believed they were entitled to get. The contractor was doing the best he could under the circumstances. He didn't care who got the work as long as it was done efficiently. The wage scale was not an issue because both carpenters and sheet metal workers get \$2.75 an hour for a seven-hour day.

Mention of the phrase, "jurisdictional dispute", is like waving a red flag—or herring—at the average American, who is thoroughly fed up with the aggravations and costly delays such tactics produce. They violate our basic sense of fair play, for employers often suffer severe financial loss as a result of these inter-union squabbles and the public, the innocent bystander, loses the use and convenience of the buildings.

The chief source of jurisdictional controversy is infringement by one union on another's employment opportunities. These fights go back to the origins of craft unions and the guilds of medieval times. Pride of performance brought together men who were doing the same work and who wanted to keep the standard of their craft high. Good workers—and that applies to the vast majority of all men who labor with their hands—are proud of their skill. They feel they are the men to do that job; basically they feel they can do it better than anybody else. Their craftsmanship brings them higher pay than the unskilled worker can command. Naturally, they want to protect that pay. They will resent any attempt to undercut their price and qualification for special work just as strenuously as a nation will resist attempts to weaken its sovereignty.

In these times of rapid technological advancement, jurisdictional trade disputes are inevitable. New processes, inventions and techniques create new employment opportunities. A few months ago it was a method of insulating cold storage rooms. A generation ago, the building industry had a corker when metal replaced wood in window frames. Carpenters always had hung windows and thought they should go right on doing the job. Iron workers and sheet metal workers thought it belonged to them. (A famous decision handed down in 1921 by the BTEA favored the iron workers.) Quite often, labor is not at fault in jurisdictional matters. Architects, engineers or contractors sometimes assign jobs in the wrong classifications and the workers understandably complain loudly that the bread is being taken out of their kids' mouths. As employers, we believe it is our obligation to give proper hearings to such legitimate grievances.

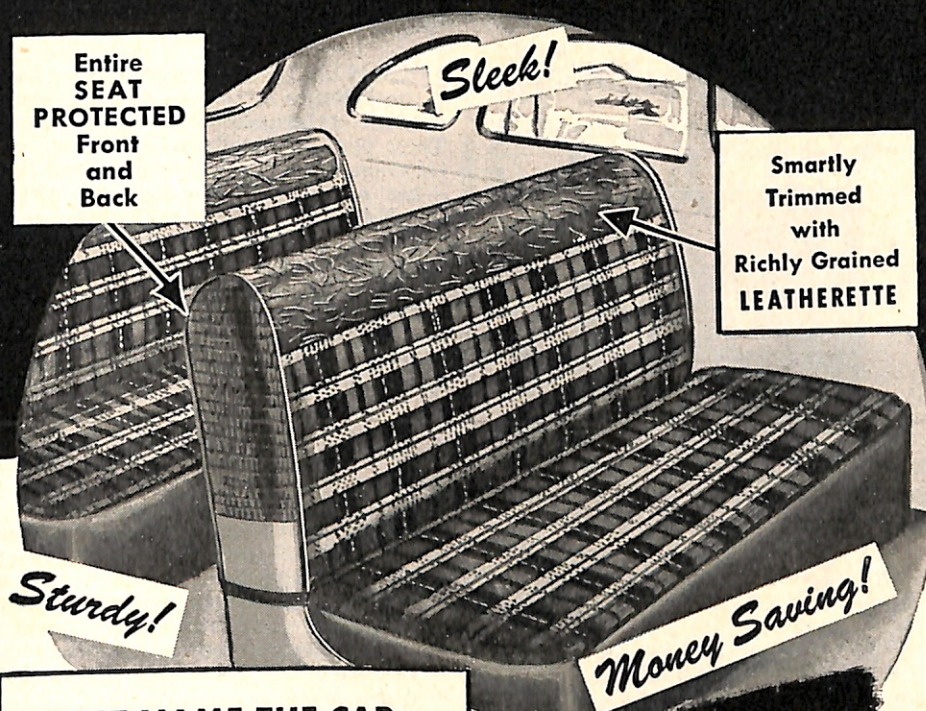
Now the contractors in New York
(Continued on page 40)





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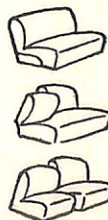
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PURPOSELY have left for the last the benefits labor has derived from cordial relations with employers. They pertain chiefly to the most vital element in the working man's life—his pay check. On July 26, 1948, the *New York Herald Tribune* carried the following article:

"Wages for building construction workers have climbed to a record high, reaching an average of \$2.10 an hour on July 1, the Bureau of Labor Statistics announced yesterday. Wages for workers in the seven major building trades in the New York metropolitan area increased 25 to 60 per cent from July 1, 1945, to July 1, 1948."

Let's take a look at the seven major building trades referred to and see how labor has prospered since 1903, when the building unions first signed an agreement with the employers. The following table shows the daily wage scale in the seven classifications:

	1903	1945	1948
Bricklayers	\$5.20	\$14.00	\$22.40
Laborers	2.80	8.80	13.65
Plasterers	5.50	12.00	19.20
Plumbers	4.25	14.00	21.00
Carpenters	4.50	12.95	19.25
Painters	3.50	12.60	17.15
Electricians	4.00	16.00	22.50

In addition, today the worker is paid for six holidays or the employer makes a 3 per cent payroll contribution to the worker's union welfare fund.

NOW let's not kid ourselves. A fatter pay check means nothing to the working man if his buying power declines at the corner grocery. That is a consideration of the utmost importance to the worker with the cost of living soaring into the stratosphere. In recognition of this simple fact of life, the employers who comprise the BTEA sat down with union officials last February when, after seven months of sweating and soul searching, they adopted a stabilized wage policy which is one of the most significant features of the agreement. Retroactive to January 1, 1948, and binding until June 30,

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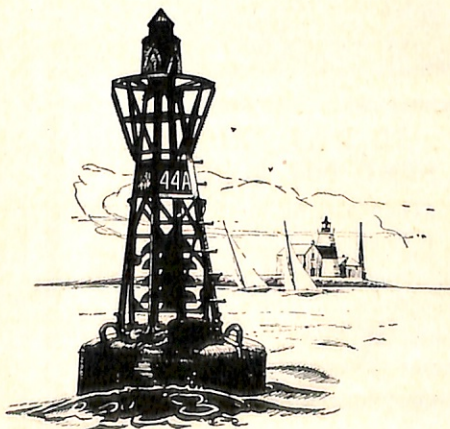
1950, this stabilized wage program is designed to keep the worker's pay in approximate step with rising costs.

It is essentially a predetermined wage increase pegged to prices. If the Bureau of Labor Statistics finds on April 1, 1949, that the cost of living has gone up more than 15 per cent since January 1, 1948, the worker will get half the difference between 15 per cent and the B.L.S. index. In other words, if the cost of living has increased 19 per cent, every union building mechanic will get a 2 per cent raise pegged to the rate of \$3 an hour, which is a good deal more than the basic hourly scale for most unions. The \$3-an-hour rate was adopted to make all raises uniform.

"This represents a real triumph for the American system of collective bargaining, with no coercion or threat, 'policeman' or political party involved in bringing labor and management together," George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the A.F.L., said.

I'll stand on that statement and the no-strike record hung up in New York's construction. I think the country as a whole would be standing today on a firmer economic footing if every major industry in every section could make the same claim to good labor-management relations, and an on-with-the-work-to-be-done program. After agriculture, the construction business is Number 2 in the nation in annual dollar volume and first in employment opportunities. It is the first industry subject to boom or bust; it is the most reliable indication we have whether or not the United States is healthy or sick economically.

We feel fine in New York and we're going to stay that way as long as we can sit down with labor's representatives and thrash out common problems like mature, reasonable men. There is not much difference between building a house or a nation's economy. In both instances you must have a strong foundation. And the only foundation on which better labor-management relations can be built is collective bargaining, entered into by all parties with good faith, sincere performance and a willingness to listen to the other fellow's side of the story.



J. Belmont Mosser, President
Kiwanis International



George I. Hall, Grand Exalted Ruler
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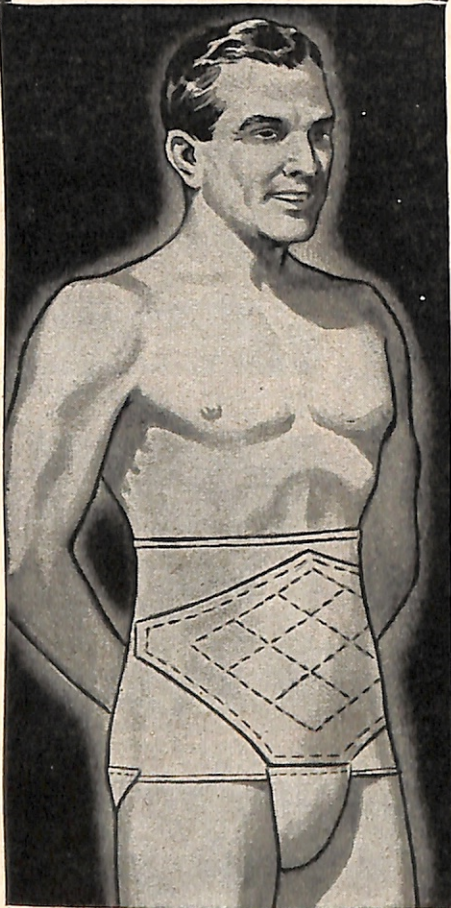
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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 7)

and he had a sense of humor. It was fifteen years ago when I last hunted with Captain Tom, but I still remember one of his stories. It concerned an old-time dog trainer who was attempting to steady a wild pointer from breaking point and chasing birds. It was once a common practice to use a little remote-control persuasion on such a dog by stinging him with bird shot at the limit of the gun's range. This trainer told Captain Tom that he had concluded the only way to break this particular bird-chasing dog was to shoot him in this fashion. "Don't do that", said Captain Tom; "you may make him gun-shy". "No, it won't," answered the trainer. "That dog likes me. If I shoot him, he'll think I did it accidentally".

There are many different ways of hunting the bob white. Maybe a couple of fellows will merely follow along behind a style-less, shuffling meat dog; or it may be a well-organized party with horses, three or four braces of hard-going, wide-ranging dogs in a wagon-kennel, plus a dog handler. One way can be as much fun as the other. It's the atmosphere, dog work and companionship that make the hunt.

The last time I went bird hunting

was early last February with Corey Ford and Jeff Corbett down in the tidewater country of southeastern North Carolina. Corey asked me down. "Come down and shoot over my birds", he invited; "about a foot over and two feet to the right". Corey knows how I shoot. There was nothing stylish about that hunt. Jeff Corbett showed us around, and he, more than the birds, made the hunt. Jeff has lived all his life in that corner of the woods, and he's good company. He always has something to say worth listening to, whether it's about quail, turkeys, dogs, or just people.

We started our hunt a little shy on dogs. Corey had brought only one setter, just a pup, on his first venture out of New England. Up to this time he had smelled only a few woodcock, and there's little similarity between a timberdoodle and a bob white. The Southern fields would be a maze of new and wonderful odors to this eager pup and it seemed unlikely that the scent of a covey of quail would mean much to him.

Corey, Jeff and I had hunted about an hour the first morning, and we had dropped a couple of passing doves, much to the pup's amazement. He

(Continued on page 44)

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went happily about his business, slowing down occasionally to take deep lungfuls of some strange new smell, and then suddenly it happened. I remember the place because we had just passed an old man of about eighty years clearing a field with a couple of mules, and he had commented with a smile, "Ah'll have a good farm here in about twenty-five years." We left Jeff talking with him; then we had worked through a tangle of cat-briers into the standing timber. About fifty feet from a clump of jack oaks in the open pine woods the pup suddenly froze, with head high, tail high and eyes shining. There was no mistaking it; he had a noseful of birds.

Getting a bird on this first point would mean a lot to the pup, but it wasn't going to be easy; the birds had so short a distance to go to reach the protection of the heavily leaved oaks. Corey and I eased up on either side. We had to make it good. All at once the air was full of birds, on their way in a sudden whirl of wings. Corey quickly dropped one just before it could disappear behind the screen of oak leaves, and I brought down a foolish one that swung out to the right. That pup was as proud as a jaybird sitting on velvet when he retrieved those two birds. He strutted like a show horse. But the pup's self-satisfaction was nothing alongside that of his master.

That first successful point is one of the most satisfying moments a bird-dog man can experience. There was no living with Corey after that. Anyone would think he was the one who had pointed the covey and retrieved the fallen birds. The pup could do nothing wrong after that first point, and we had good shooting all day.

ON THE way back to camp Jeff suggested that we pick up a mess of oysters to roast over the fire before we ate the birds. Not being authorities on roast oysters, we asked the fisherman how many a man could eat. "Bout a peck or a peck and a half," he answered, "unless he's drunk; then he can eat hell out of 'em." We roasted them in a fifty-gallon drum in the fireplace and dipped them in butter and ate until we were pop-eyed. Not being a drinking man, I ate only eight dozen.

After stuffing ourselves, Corey insisted that the pup have the seat of honor in front of the fireplace, and we sat around and smoked and spit

in the fire and listened to Corey lie about that first point. The pup just lay there and looked into the embers as though he were enjoying every word of it. Jeff commented, "Ah must have part dog in me the way Ah enjoy a fireplace. Take the way that pup gazes into that fire. He gets the most out of it."

The next day hunting wasn't so good. We had a freezing rain during the night that encased every twig and blade of grass in a quarter of an inch of ice. When we started across a field, it sounded as if we were walking on crushed glass. We saw a few doves flying about in search of food, and some of them were trailing long streamers of grass frozen to their feathers. Others had no tails at all; they had left the feathers behind where they were frozen to the roost. They looked rather pitiful and we didn't shoot any.

It happened to be a Friday, and Jeff turned to me and asked, "You're supposed to know something about natural history. Where does a jaybird go on Friday?" I laughed, and he said, "Go ahead and laugh, but Ah'll wager you never saw one on a Friday."

We gave up hunting. There were not only no jaybirds, there were no quail. We returned to camp, sat around and smoked, spit in the fire, and listened to Corey lie about that first point.

Jeff told us about old man Jud something-or-other who lived in the nearby village of Ivanhoe. It seems that Jeff had stopped by on Christmas to wish Jud and his family well, but the old man wasn't in a mood to be cheered. Jeff asked what was ailing him, and Jud spat and grumbled, "Here it is Christmas Day, and they've done gone and spent their last dime on groceries—and not a drop to drink in the house!"

A few days later he saw Jud again. "And this time," Jeff said, "he had a whole jimmyjohn of likker, and he knew what to do with it. Ah'll bet when he got home his wife opened the big blade on him!"

"I don't mean to change the subject," Corey interrupted, "but what's the name of the old man who owns that woodlot where the pup made his first point?"

"Ah don't rightly remember," answered Jeff. "You know, it worries me. Ah've gotten so Ah forget one minute what Ah hear the next."

I'm still trying to figure that one out.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 10)

sight. Another sport that turns the spotlight on Fido are the dog shows which in this country and many others intrigue thousands as spectators or exhibitors and is a means of livelihood for thousands of others.

Another sporting activity of the pooch sees him in the field trials that are held throughout the country. This properly is a subdivision of hunt-

ing. The dog entered in an event like this is not a "spontaneous" hunter—the sort of fellow you or I would take along for a casual day in the field. Here the dogs compete for a rating while actually doing all in the way of pointing, flushing or retrieving that they'd do in the course of a day in the field. Two other sports which fortunately have been

outlawed were bullbaiting and dog fighting. It was from the former that the bulldog got his name, as he was the fellow used to bait or tease (viciously) the bull. Dog fighting, while banned by John Law, I am told still persists in certain widely separated naughty circles.

Still another service performed by the pup is his work as a war dog. It seems only yesterday that we read of the fine work of that American organization, "Dogs for Defense", which succeeded in securing so many dogs for our armed forces, so many of which did heroic duty. Yes, the dog as a soldier gave many examples of his value to men. The dog trained for sentry duty, because of its superior hearing and scenting abilities, could and did detect and warn of the approach of the enemy in hundreds of instances.

SO MUCH for the dog as a soldier. Let's see what he does officially in civilian life as a protector. Along about the time of the end of the first World War the Germans turned to developing dogs for police work. It wasn't long before fabulous tales trickled out of Europe relating to the services of these dogs. Some of these stories might have been exaggerated but subsequent use of dogs for police work in this country showed that they could give valuable help in trailing and holding prowlers and others bent on mischief more or less serious. Here again, the dog's ears, nose and ability to rout out possible evil-doers from places inaccessible to police officers have aroused the enthusiasm of those officers who have used such dogs. I may add here, to correct a popular misconception, dogs trained for police work do not make good house pets. Their training is not along domestic lines. They are taught to be suspicious of strangers and will attack quickly under certain conditions, the same conditions that may innocently arise in any normal home. Another fallacy that may be dealt with here concerning police dogs is that there is a distinct breed called the police dog. Invariably the dog so designated will be a German shepherd. There is no such animal, or rather breed, as a police dog. Any sufficiently intelligent and powerful dog breed can be trained for police work.

If all this weren't enough, we see the dog as an agent of mercy—this time enlisted in the ranks of those wonderful animals that are trained to guide the blind. It requires many, many months to teach a trainer to train these dogs a part of which time he has to live exactly as does a blind person, the eyes being bandaged and the bandage remaining on for a long period.

Then there are dogs employed for sea rescue work up in Newfoundland and other northern British provinces, the dogs used in the Swiss Alps—St. Bernards—for rescue work and even dogs employed as fishermen in Portugal.

Fido certainly is worth his salt.



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The Hidden Trap

(Continued from page 20)

the way it should in this damp weather. Of course, I hadn't accepted for a minute that Al Grindle had been careless or drunk enough to let himself be tangled up in his own line. And I remembered how the tangled rope had looked.

So I wasn't surprised at ten o'clock that night when Joey's Ford wheezed up to my back door.

Joey wasn't alone. He had Parker with him and another man he called George. I'd seen George around, but I didn't know what he did, probably hired out haying and picking blueberries in the summer and cutting wood in the fall and winter.

"We've got something to tell you, Lieutenant," said Joey.

"All right." I hadn't meant to ask them inside, but in a moment the mosquitoes drove us all into the kitchen.

"Mr. Murray noticed something," said Joey. "Al didn't just fall off that boat."

"No, I don't suppose he did."

"Did you notice the bump on his head... and the knot? Why didn't you say something?"

"That's John Murray's business," I said.

"Well, I didn't see it. I couldn't bring myself to look. Mr. Murray says Al could have got the bump when he fell over, but that rope around his leg never accidentally tied itself into a running bowline."

"Does Murray know who did it?"

"I don't think he does. That's why we wanted to talk to you."

"You know something you can tell me and not Murray?"

"That's right," said Joey eagerly. "I know it's breaking the law and all, but I don't guess Mr. Murray would do much because everybody down this way, or just about, is in it. You can't put every man jack in the county in jail. But it's—embarrassing. We wouldn't want it to come out. You knew Al was clamming, Lieutenant?"

"Yes."

"So was everybody else around here, just about. But they were bootleg clams."

"Bootleg?"

"Yeah. They don't go out in the regular way. The fact is, there's some kind of law about Maine clams leaving the state. But a fellow from Massachusetts comes through here two, three times a week and buys all the clams we want to sell for ten dollars a barrel."

"And trucks them over the state line?"

"I don't know about that. But a great-aunt of mine who was down visiting in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, et an order of clams in a restaurant. And she's morally certain they were State-of-Maine clams, from right here in Blue Hill Bay!"

The other two men laughed.

"Ten dollars," I said. "How much is that extra?"

"Why, you can't hardly compare."

"And how about Al?"

"Well, night before last, out of a clear sky, this Massachusetts fellow comes along and says he's only paying seven-fifty a barrel. Now we all took it. What else can we do? If we don't sell to him, we don't sell anywhere. But Al—of course, I'm just supposing—he had to make a payment on his boat. He went out at three in the morning, got over there on Little Bear Island before day, and dug clams till an hour after sunset. He like to broke his back. And he filled up five barrels—I couldn't hardly believe just one man had done it. He needed fifty dollars for the bank. He had fifty dollars worth of clams. But then this fellow comes along and offers thirty-seven-fifty. To Al, thirty-seven-fifty was the same as nothing. Don't it stand to reason they had an argument? Al, he had a temper. He wouldn't take nothing from nobody. That's why he always lived by himself down in that hollow."

"You think the man killed him?"

"Don't it look like that to you?"

"When's he due through here again?"

"Tonight."

I thought for a moment. "Wouldn't he keep away from here if he'd killed Al?"

"Why, no. Least, we don't think so. He must be making a pile of money, and it would take him weeks to build up new contacts. By then the clamming season's over."

I asked a few more questions, and it turned out that the clam-buyer was due in fifteen minutes. Joey had posted another lobsterman farther up the point with a twelve-gauge shotgun. Only one road ran down to the harbor, and the man with the shotgun would let anybody in but nobody out. He had a neat little trap, baited with clams.

"He must be getting fifteen or twenty bucks a barrel," said Joey. "He's making a fortune!"

We walked over to the harbor and Joey built a fire on the beach out of driftwood. The mosquitoes were fierce. Joey had wanted me to bring my forty-five, but I'd left it in Boston. All I had was a flashlight.

BEFORE long we could hear a truck laboring down the road. It sounded about as feeble as Joey's Ford, and its headlights were pale and yellow. The truck nosed down to the beach and laboriously turned around. I left the fire.

"Joey?" a voice said cautiously from the front seat.

I turned my flashlight on the man behind the wheel. "Get out," I said.

"Who are you?"

"I'll tell you when you get out."

He snapped off his ignition and came down onto the sand. I kept my light on his face. The face wasn't remarkable one way or the other. Except for a small mustache, the features were commonplace. His glasses glittered.

"When are you going to take that out of my eyes?"

I lowered the beam far enough so he could see the badge I was holding.

"Oh, one of those," he said without enthusiasm. "All right. My name is Phil Jessup and I'm a commission merchant. I'm twenty-nine years old. I live in Roxbury, Massachusetts. I'm up here buying clams and lobsters, eliminating the middleman, so to speak. Who are you looking for?"

"Where do you sell your clams?"

"In Bucksport. Sometimes in Bangor. What is this? Do you mind telling me?"

"He's lying," said Joey quietly. "There's nobody in Bucksport buys clams in this quantity. Don't you suppose I know?"

Mr. Jessup shrugged. "All right. I'm lying. But I've got orders in my truck from wholesalers in those two places. Do you want me to show them to you?"

"Yes," I said, "but not now. First, I'd like to ask you a couple of questions."

"And I've got a couple of questions," said Joey.

Mr. Jessup slapped himself on the forehead. The mosquitoes had found him.

"First of all," I said, "do you know a man named Al Grindle?"

"Well—is he a little guy?"

"No, he's pretty big."

"Any relative of Joey's?"

"He's my half-brother," said Joey. "He lived in that shack over there."

Mr. Jessup became suddenly very careful. "He doesn't live there any more?"

"That's right," I said. "Did you buy any clams from him night before last?"

"I may have. From the guy in that shack? Yes, it's possible I may have."

"Did you have a fight with him?"

"With that big guy? Are you serious?"

"You cut his price!" cried Joey suddenly, coming a step forward. He and the other two men had picked up clam rakes. "But Al wouldn't take it. All the rest of us knuckled under, but not Al! He came at you and you hit him with something. Didn't you?"

"I did nothing of the kind," said Mr. Jessup, slapping at a mosquito.

"And when you saw you'd killed him you put him in his boat, cruised around till you found one of his buoys, tied him to a trap-line and dropped him. Then you rowed home in Al's skiff and I don't know—maybe you swam ashore from the mooring. And then you came back here and went off with Al's clams!"

I was holding my flashlight on Mr. Jessup's chest. The indirect beam showed his face. He had begun to

realize now that it was serious. His eyes flickered from Joey to me and back to Joey.

"You mean he's dead?"

"You ain't kidding, Mister, he's dead."

In the light from the fire, the clam rakes curled like claws. They were wicked, murderous instruments, and the way Joey held his, it seemed like an iron hand. For just a second I thought Mr. Jessup was going to break and run.

But he stood his ground and said very rapidly, speaking to me but not moving his eyes from Joey: "It wasn't my fault, that two-fifty discount. I'm a hired man. What are they kicking about? It was three times what they could get from another dealer. All right. I had a fight with the guy. But I didn't kill him. He was stewed to the eyebrows, believe me. He pulled a knife. I had to hit him with my monkey wrench. Who am I, Superman? What do you expect me to do, take a lobster knife away from one of these boys when he's drunk? But I didn't kill him. I listened to his heart and I heard it, too. Kill him? You couldn't kill that guy with a sledge hammer. Sure, I took the clams. I'm not in this business for my health. But I left the thirty-seven-fifty in his pants pocket!"

"You're lying!" yelled Joey. He made a feint with the rake.

It was time for me to stick in my two cents' worth. "Let's not get excited," I said. "We found the thirty-seven dollars in his pocket. I guess the odd half-dollar fell out. The bills were pretty soggy, but we dried them out and they'll go to Al's next of kin, who I wouldn't be surprised is Joey here."

"He really is dead?" said Mr. Jessup.

"Oh, yes. Joey and I fished him out this afternoon. It was supposed to look like an accident, with Al's leg caught in a trap-line—have you got a piece of rope? I'll show you how it was."

"In back there."

I went around the old beat-up truck and turned my flashlight in under the weather-beaten tarp. Mr. Jessup had already picked up a few barrels of clams, and he had some lobsters in a big pail of sea-water in case anybody glanced in to see what he was carrying. I took out a coil of oiled rope.

"Because you see," I said, "underneath all the tangle there was a running bowline." I tied the knot quickly and made the loop, and then looked around for something to put it on. "Let's have your arm, Joey," I said, and to demonstrate the knot I slipped it over Joey's right arm above the elbow. "Every sailor knows this knot. It wouldn't slip in a thousand years. And that's one of the reasons, Mr. Jessup, why I know you didn't murder Al."

"What do you mean?" said Joey.

I turned the flashlight on the tarp lashed across the top of Mr. Jessup's
(Continued on page 48)

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truck. It was a mess. Each rope had been tied to a post with a crazy series of slip knots, one on top of each other. The knots would probably hold in anything less than a hurricane, but to a lobsterman or anyone who had anything to do with boats, they were sickening.

And so it wasn't Mr. Jessup who broke and ran, but Joey Grindle.

THIS wasn't as foolish as it seemed. If Joey had found a boat with a tank full of gas he could have taken it to Canada or far enough down the coast so we wouldn't have had a chance of catching him. He didn't try to loosen the bowline, but jerked the rope out of my hands. For a big man, he was fast, and of course he was frightened. He had almost reached the water's edge when the rope tightened the way it had tightened around Al's leg. It pulled him off his feet, spilling him backward in the sand. He should have known that I wouldn't have gone to the trouble of roping him down if I hadn't thrown two half-hitches around the rear post of Mr. Jessup's truck.

I reeled him in.

"Because," I explained to Mr. Jessup, "Joey was eating his heart out with jealousy of Al. Al had a lobster boat. All Joey had was a Model A Ford with loose bearings, a cracked piston and it sounds to me like a blown head-gasket. Joey wanted a boat. He didn't have money enough to make a down payment on one of his own, but he could raise enough cash with these clams to pay off Al's loan and have the boat clear. He was the one who lined up your clam-mers, wasn't he?"

"Well, he introduced me to a few of the boys."

"And I guess you paid him for it, too. He persuaded Al to forget about lobstering for a few weeks; I don't suppose Al took much persuading. Then night before last he waited around watching Al tank up. He was in the shack or in the bushes when you had your fight. I don't know if he planned it that way, or if he got the idea when you knocked Al out and went away and left him. I don't think the jury is going to be interested, for what he did then was a terrible thing. Joey really wanted

that boat. Now you can't expect a small-boat man, when he's nervous and in a hurry, to fake a really convincing snarl. He tied a bowline and then tried to disguise it. When the chief of police noticed the way the rope was, Joey thought about the man from outstate who goes around in the dead of night buying State-of-Maine-clams, who hits people with monkey wrenches and leaves them unconscious. And if you'd made a run for it when you saw how he'd framed you, I believe he would have caught you and brought you down with that clam rake. One swipe with those prongs and you wouldn't do any talking."

"And you were willing to let him do it," said Mr. Jessup.

"Well, Al was a friend of mine. I didn't like that about the monkey wrench."

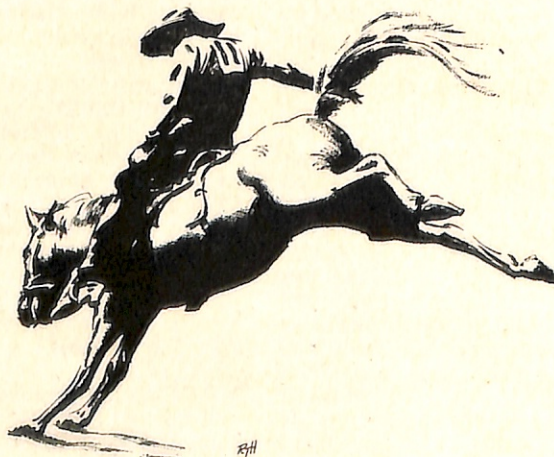
Joey was still holding the rake, and I might have been worried if we'd been there alone, but Parker and the other man named George had been thinking it over, and they weren't looking at Joey with any particular pleasure. In fact, if I could paint that sort of thing, it would have made quite a dramatic composition. But I'm going to have to learn to paint water before I start trying to paint people.

I threw two loops around Joey's arms and tied him in the front seat. But before we all went up to the village to see John Murray, I thought I might as well exercise one of the policeman's ancient privileges. I picked out a nice three-pound lobster from Mr. Jessup's pail and left it in Al's shack. I was getting tired of baked beans.

Mr. Jessup was laughing to himself when I went around and got in.

"What's the joke?" I asked him. "You know we're going to talk to those Bucksport and Bangor people and see if they bought any clams from you night before last. I wouldn't be too happy about this if I were you."

"It's those slip knots," said Mr. Jessup. "The old man who rented me the truck rigged the tarp himself. It was pretty smart the way you handled it, but did you honestly think I tied those messy knots? I was in the Navy for three and a half years."



(Continued from page 21)

Known as "K-Veneer", the new material is made of a single 3/16-inch wood veneer which is slit by a unique process and bonded to a thin kraft paper. Important is the fact that species and grades of wood formerly impracticable for such purposes can be utilized.

How did American industries fare in the still unfinished struggle for postwar reconversion? An interesting study of the race has just been provided by the Office of Business Economics. It shows that of 26 manufactured products, nine have had an uninterrupted upward trend in production since 1945, while 17 have shown declines after postwar peaks running to two or more quarters.

Compared with the prewar year of 1941, fifteen major industries moved substantially ahead. Washing machine, electric range and vacuum cleaner production in the first half of this year was more than double the pre-war rate.

The German State Secretariat for Aviation held that overhead lines not only impeded the construction and operation of airports but also facilitated the location of important targets. The utility companies recognized, for their part, that underground transmission would reduce atmospheric disturbances to which overhead lines are vulnerable during storms.



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If the Shoe Fits, Take It Off

(Continued from page 16)

find difficult. A person must assay his capabilities as candidly as a mechanic might inventory his tools to determine if he was equipped to undertake a complicated overhaul job. Education, experience and, more important, interest must be dissected and carefully evaluated before a man can say for sure what kind of a job he should have.

But that is only half the story. Self-evaluation is essential but it is useless unless it is matched to job requirements. The requirements, both essential and desirable, for most jobs are now well known and widely publicized.

Having located the desired job that matches one's qualifications, the next step toward success is a sales campaign. A man must sell some employer the fact that he and someone the employer needs are identical. Most job applicants are so unskilled in the simple art of self-selling that employers usually grab quickly when they discover a candidate who knows what he wants and what he has to offer. Even the most skeptical are likely to be impressed when confronted by someone who in five minutes can describe himself accurately, completely and with pertinence.

It is peculiar but it is true that people who would give hours of preparation to a five-minute luncheon club speech will apply for jobs with no advance analysis of what they intend to say or how they expect to say it. Not long ago a young man was asked to speak briefly—not more than six minutes—at a forthcoming club meeting. This young man spent a day researching his material to insure inclusion of the most pertinent facts. Then to get it organized properly he wrote it out; then cut, revised and rephrased until the talk logically marched step by step through his material. Next he memorized it, practiced delivery with accompanying gestures, making certain that his tonal accents, pacing and emphasis were placed properly to give the greatest effect. Finally he gave a full-dress rehearsal for his wife and anxiously besought her candid criticism so he might improve any defects in his words, his appearance or his manner. At the club the talk was greeted warmly and a number of people told him how effectively he had hit the nail on the head.

Spurred by this success he decided to ask his employer for a transfer from his old, tiresome job to a new department, just being organized. Preparing for this vital conversation he not only failed to look at an encyclopedia, he didn't even look at himself. It never occurred to him to prepare opening remarks and to sum up his arguments in some clinching close. If anyone had suggested it he would have said, "Why, the boss knows all about me; I've worked there six years." He didn't even try to figure out how he would make a

personal contribution to the success of the new department.

To the boss he said, "I understand we're opening a new department. I'd like to get into it."

When the boss asked why, he said, "Well, I've been where I am several years. I'd like a change. And there ought to be better chances for promotion in a new department."

When the boss asked what he thought he could do there, he said, "Why, anything—the same work I'm doing now as a starter."

And so on for six minutes when the boss told him he'd let him know.

PEOPLE fail to sell themselves because they don't try. The result is stagnation and a steady devitalization culminating in a sense of failure. Yet, after some reflection, self-selling appears to be the most elemental common sense.

What makes self-analysis so important is that it leads, almost inevitably, to self-improvement. Few people can look themselves over carefully without discovering certain easily remedied flaws and once a man starts out to improve himself the road ahead becomes relatively thornless. Personality improvement—one man learned one new joke a week and rehearsed it until he could tell it perfectly—like a substantial savings account, is created by small additions made regularly. Concentration which enables the mind to wrestle with an abstruse subject even when a beautiful stenographer enters the office is one of the most certain elements of success. A man who develops the capacity for concentration will analyze a problem more quickly than his competitors and get there firstest with the mostest.

But perhaps the most important acquired business attribute is discipline. Discipline is a harsh, unfriendly word but without large quantities of it no man can become a real business success. It is the quality that keeps a man working long hours but it is also the quality that sends him out to the golf course so his mind will be fresh and relaxed for the new problems ahead. It keeps business and pleasure separated sometimes, and at other times when the pleasure is less marked, it mixes them. It sends a man to night school for special courses instead of to the movies, and to the dictionary to learn to spell or define a new word. It keeps the chin up when the morale is down.

That is what the steel executive meant when he said getting ahead in business is easy. There is no mystery; only a few simple principles. Success comes almost inevitably to those who practice self-analysis, self-selling, self-improvement and self-discipline. For anyone who wants to get ahead in this man's world—and who doesn't?—it is an idea worth thinking about.

editorial



THANKSGIVING DAY

It is not difficult to understand why the sight of a world weary and sick at heart, no longer at war but certainly not at peace, causes many men to regard the prospect of Thanksgiving Day with discouragement and the feeling that there is not much to be thankful for.

It is true that we are distressed by many domestic troubles—a housing shortage, a shortage of consumer goods, the highest cost of living in history and evidences of increasing inflation—to say nothing of an international situation which is little short of perilous. Yet our broad land is still the most productive on all the earth, and there is much for which America, and indeed the entire world, can be truly thankful.

Not all the gold in Fort Knox can feed the starving peoples of Europe and Asia, for people cannot eat gold. Without foodstuffs, all the cleverest diplomats in all the capitals of Europe cannot implement the European Recovery Program by which our world, as we know it, may be saved. But this year we have been blessed with the most bountiful harvest in all our history of abundance. More corn, more wheat, more potatoes and more cotton have been gleaned from our rich fields than ever before.

We can feed the world as well as ourselves. There is this to be thankful for.

When in 1621 Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony proclaimed that a day be set aside for "public prayer and praise", in gratitude for the bounty of the colony's first harvest, he was no doubt giving thanks for the freedom of thought, worship and self-government which the Pilgrims had won at so bitter a cost. That freedom of thought and of speech, of worship and of self-government is nowhere else on earth so evident as it is in America. This is clearly shown by the elections this month, when the President of the United States will be freely chosen by the people to lead a government also freely chosen.

We have food and we have freedom. There is much to be thankful for!



CLUB VS. LODGE

The crash of a bowling ball as team vies with team; the evening of cards with friends, the pleasant social contacts in the club rooms of the lodge. It is these that provide the pleasurable hours of relaxation offered to us through the club

feature of our subordinate units.

They have such direct appeal and are vested with such a beguiling atmosphere of pleasant surroundings and companionship that we attach ourselves to them readily and, in some instances, grow to see them as the ends of membership. Yet, if our Order is to continue its splendid record along the roadway of service to others, we must see that the club is kept on a secondary level, subservient at all times to the aims and purposes of the lodge.

It is through the lodge, rather than the club, that we have won for our Order the esteem in which it is held. It is

through the lodge that we have performed our outstanding patriotic and humanitarian services, carried out our social and community welfare programs, contributed to the comfort and happiness of the disabled veterans and participated in veterans' rehabilitation. It was through the lodges that last year nine hundred thousand Elks expended nearly six million dollars for the care of tubercular and crippled children, for Christmas baskets, for hospital donations, and for many other good works of benefit to the community. It is the lodge that makes the club possible.

It would be well to resolve, the next time we are enjoying a swim in the pool, a game of cards or billiards, to endeavor to repay the lodge for the privileges of the club by attending lodge meetings, participating in all of the important lodge activities and functions planned for the coming months, serving to the fullest extent of our ability when we are asked to serve that we may contribute to the continued growth, strength and prestige of our lodge and the Order of which it is a part.



IN MEMORIAM

The late William T. Phillips wrote many fine editorials for this magazine during the years he loaned us his gift of words. One of the best examples of his writing is this editorial which, upon request, we are reprinting.

Memory, God's great gift to man, is the wonderful faculty that recalls the touch of vanished hands, and brings to us on wings of reverie, the music of voices long stilled.

The Order of Elks dedicates the first Sunday in each December to Memory—the memory of our Absent Brothers . . . Brothers who will come no more.

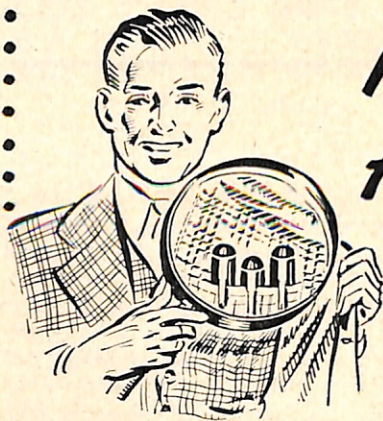
But Memorial Day is not a day of sadness, rather a day of tender recollection, of gentle thoughts, of communion with the departed.

We travel far on Memorial Day—to the hallowed spots of God's acre where so many of our departed comrades sleep, across the seas, where little white crosses tell their tale of sacrifice. We visit graves upon which falls softly the light of the tropic moon, and others covered with winter's snow, all are sacred, all shielding the precious dust of our loved ones.

On Memorial Day "we pause, we reason, we scan the heavens", but with "the great heart of Elksdom" attuned to love, and in the communal silence of the hour "listening faith can hear the rustle of a wing".

This moving editorial was the inspiration for a development represented by a notice to members recently mailed by the Activities Coordinator, Mr. Bert A. Thompson. Of recent years, *The Elks Magazine* has maintained a policy against publishing Memorial Services of the subordinate lodges. This policy was established because all the lodges conduct this ceremony and to publish an account of just one or a very few might be regarded as discriminatory. This year, however, the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission has requested the Grand Lodge Activities Committee to select descriptions of two or three outstanding Memorial Services held by the subordinate lodges for inclusion in the February issue of the Magazine. We believe accounts of these time-honored services will be of extreme interest to the membership.

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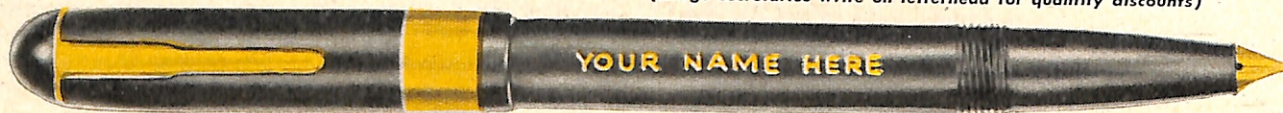
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STATE.....



Light or dark ____?

Some men like white meat, some prefer dark, and there are some people who don't care for turkey at all!

Similarly, no single whiskey tastes best to everyone. That's why you alone can decide if the very delightful difference in Hunter's flavor will

necessarily make it *your* favorite.

Because your own taste—not our claims—should determine your choice, we simply suggest you *try* Hunter. For thousands of men who have tried Hunter once have liked it instantly . . . and today prefer it to all others.

HUNTER

SINCE 1860

First over the Bars

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 92 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Experts agree

1. Light-Weight Portability
Revere 16 combines projector and speaker into a single unit weighing only 33 pounds! As easy to carry as a suitcase!



Revere has all three!

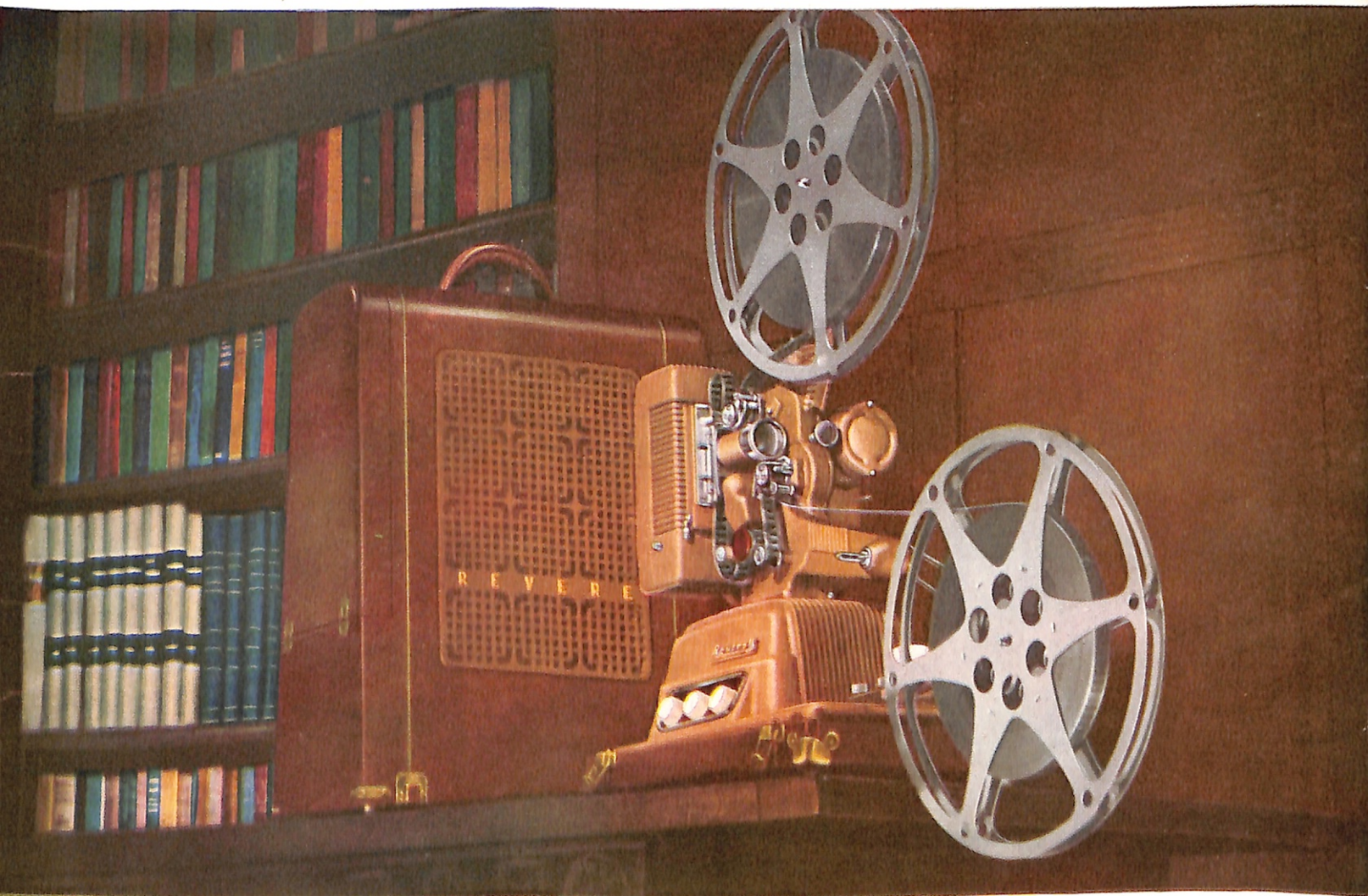
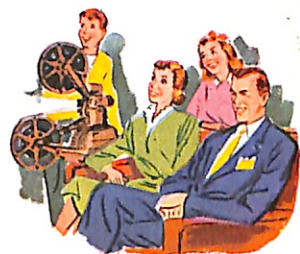


2. "Theatre"-Tone

Revere's new electronic sound system and specially designed speaker ensure rich, true-fidelity tone in any size room.

3. Easy Operation

Revere 16 is *easiest of all sound projectors* to set up and operate! Simple 4-point threading . . . Automatic re-wind . . . Convenient controls.



Don't judge by price alone! Compare Revere's tone, volume, brilliance and operating ease with any sound projector made, regardless of price. Ask your Revere dealer for a demonstration.

\$287⁵⁰

Complete

Yes, Revere Sound Projector has the three most important features required for convenient and successful showing of 16mm sound movies. What's more, Revere operates equally well on AC or DC current (no current problem) . . . has 750-watt brilliancy (ample for any room, yet safe for films) . . . 1600-foot reel capacity . . . microphone and phonograph pick-up . . . fast 1.6 coated lens . . . sound or silent projection . . . and other outstanding advantages. REVERE CAMERA COMPANY • CHICAGO 16

Revere

16MM SOUND PROJECTOR